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FRIENDSHIP.

BY E. C.

One friend have I—who love have none—one friend of loyal heart—
A girl, whose faith compels my soul to act its noblest part,
Who lives unspoiled by idle praise, unvexed by selfish care,
And who is sweet as she is true, and good as she is fair.

Her loving heart holds balm for ev'ry ill that Fate can send;
And earth is fairer, heav'n more near, because she is my friend!
Oh, Love's a song that rings and swells with passion's rapture strong,
But Friendship is a lullaby that soothes a whole life long!

Lady Anne's Double.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A STRANGE DISAPPEARANCE," "PEGGY'S ADVENTURES," "THE SHADOW ON A GIRL'S LIFE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

IT WAS a bright moonlight night in August, and the Temple Gardens looked almost as fair as an Italian landscape.

In one of the oldest buildings in the Temple a barrister sat in his chambers studying a case. He had been working harder than usual, and at last he rose from his seat and put away his papers.

"To-morrow I'll write and tell him," he said aloud; "it's all clear now as the noonday. He is heir to these vast estates, and the man who holds them is an impostor."

Going to a dingy cupboard, he took out a bottle of wine.

"It is just six weeks ago since I bought this," he mused; "and Jack Redfern was coming to see me then. To-night he will be here again, and we'll drink success to my work. It's a long tale to tell him, but he must be told. However, I'll take a turn on the Embankment first—there's always a cool air by the river."

He scrawled on the card outside his door, "Back at eight," and passed out into the glory and beauty of the night—never to return.

MAGGIE'S STORY.

I, Maggie Dare, am in one of my very worst moods to-night; and, when I tell you that my best moods are bad, I leave you to judge what my worst ones must be like. But how can you judge, not thinking my thoughts, or leading my life? Did you ever think how you would feel if you failed in walking that narrow way whose end is bliss, and were shut up in the outer darkness?

Did you ever think how you would look back upon the very scene you are now looking at—however dull, hateful, unlovely—and think it heaven by comparison? Did you ever think how you would feel then in remembering that poor hymn floating across from the gray old church, which you now think so dreary, and long for one note to pierce the darkness of your prison?

Well, I have felt and thought so, and am thinking so at this minute. Father has been preaching on that prison, and this is my commentary on his sermon—

If I had been a good obedient child it might have been different, but not being good and obedient my thoughts are colored by the knowledge of my own shortcomings, and I do not feel the better or the happier for the knowledge.

I look around me with disgust. However all this may seem hundreds of years hence, it does not look like heaven now, and against my surroundings I rebel with my whole heart and soul, even as I rebel against my shabby frock and my long ungainly limbs—longer and more ungainly, I believe, than anybody else's. The long, low, rambling house is shabby, too, and the garden, which some former vicar, richer than father, had stocked with fruit-trees and flowers, is the shabbiest of all, because we are too poor to save it from decay and ruin.

I lean my rough untidy head on the old wooden desk where my Latin exercise lies, and begin deliberately to draw inky pictures with my fingers over the scored and dented surface. As I do so the memory of a face—the only one that ever broke the dulness of my dreary life—comes before me.

My thoughts, chased away by that cheerful image from gloom and sadness, drift lazily back into what seems to me the very "long ago." Yet it is not so very long since that Richard came to make one of our small household, sent thither partly for father's sake, I think, partly for his own, by kindly Lady Anne, whose yearly visit filled my soul with awe.

Ten miles away from our little village lay the place that had once been Lady Anne's home, and to see that place was the one ambition of my life. But when Dick came to us things had changed for Lady Anne. Her husband, Sir Stephen, had died suddenly in the hunting-field. No will being found, the grand old house and estates had passed away from Dick, who was always reckoned as the heir, and passed into the hands of a stranger—one of the elder branch, the lawyer said—an ugly, hateful man, no more like Sir Stephen or Dick than a fox is like a lion.

The longing I had to see Sandford Court was the cause of a dreadful scrape Dick and I got into. I had been listening to his account of the old place and the church which stood close to the gates—which was to have been father's, for the living was in Sir Stephen's gift—when all of a sudden Dick raised his bright face and said eagerly—

"Why shouldn't you see it, Maggie? He"—meaning the present Baronet—"is away in London. Your father and the other parsons are going to dine together to-morrow at Abbotsfield, and we can be there and back before any one's the wiser. It's of no use asking leave, you know, so we'll take it. After all, what harm is there in it? It's only a little longer tramp than usual."

I was only thirteen then, and Dick was five years older. We started off the following day regardless of consequences, and, by sundry short cuts and turnings best known to Dick, we arrived at the end of a wood, whence the quaint chimneys of the Court could be seen quite close by, about three in the afternoon.

"We'll not go through the gates," said Dick, "for I don't care to be seen by any of the new people. We'll cut across by the churchyard, get over the wall; and there we shall be without any trouble, Maggie."

There was something so romantic in the idea of trespassing secretly on a place that was Dick's by right that I readily agreed to his plan, being lifted safe and sound over the churchyard wall, which also formed the boundary of the park, and was not quite so high there as in other places.

Being by this time hungry, we sat down and ate the cake with which we had provided ourselves before starting. The deer looked at us with soft startled eyes, and now and then a pheasant or a rabbit crossed our path, but no other living creature did we meet. All of a sudden the lovely place burst upon our sight.

Dick stood quietly by as I gave a deep sigh of intense admiration, and patiently waited for me to speak. But I could not; I could only look, and presently two big tears rolled down my cheek.

"Why, Maggie, crying?" said Dick softly. "Don't do that, child, for after all the king may enjoy his own again, and then you shall be his queen, and come and live here always! Come along! We will go and have a look round—shall we?"

"I don't want to see any more," I replied, stifling my foolish tears as best I might; "I've seen enough, and I shall never forget it—never!"

"Oh, Maggie," exclaimed Dick, "you must see the windows of Lady Anne's room before we go! They look into the Dutch garden. It won't take us five minutes;" and off marched Dick, dragging me along with him.

Then a dreadful thing happened.

Spring-traps had been placed all over the park, and into one of these Dick walked, which held his foot fast.

"Don't touch me, Maggie!" he said, as I went down upon my knees to try to set him free. "Just wait a minute, dear, and perhaps I can manage to get out. You see, with a fox or stoat it would be difficult, but a man ought to loosen it easily."

There was no such luck for Dick, as the more he tried to loosen the hateful trap the deeper its sharp teeth pierced his foot, and the pain made him wince in spite of himself.

"There's only one thing to be done, Maggie," he observed; "bring me a big stone, and I'll try to smash the thing if I can. If not, I must get to the village somehow, and have it knocked off."

Knowing this would be horrible pain for Dick—for how could he climb the wall with his foot in a trap?—I set to work to find a stone, and quickly succeeded in doing so. But whether we worked clumsily in our fear and haste, or whether the iron teeth had opened a vein in Dick's foot, I did not know. All I saw was the broken trap, shattered by repeated blows, and blood trickling from my luckless companion's wounds."

"Never mind, Maggie," he remarked cheerfully—"I'll bind it up tight, and then we'll make tracks for home. Lady Anne's windows must wait for another day."

So saying, poor Dick walked manfully on, talking the while and striving to appear indifferent and at ease. But in getting over the wall he displaced the bandage, and we had all our work to do over again, besides having the ill-luck to come upon the old sexton, who was at work in a corner of the churchyard, but stopped to stare at us, leaning on his spade and muttering to himself.

"That old beggar will tell tales," said Dick. "He suspects us of getting over the wall. I'd better give him half-a-crown, and ask him to let you into the church whilst I sit on a tombstone and see to this horrid bandage."

But I felt scared and frightened about getting home, and asked Dick ruefully whether he would ever be able to walk.

"Oh, yes, dear!" he answered, with a short laugh. "I shall manage splendidly when I've tied this thing properly. So come along, Maggie. Here goes for the ancient sexton!"

We were close to the church now, and the old man looked at us strangely as Dick quietly slipped half-a-crown into his horny hand, and got him to open the door to let me in. But I went no farther than the place where Sir Stephen was buried, near which, hundreds of years old, was the tomb of a mighty Crusader who had fought in the Holy Wars.

It seemed so horrible to think that all this was Dick's by right, and that he was sitting at this very minute maimed by trespassing on his own grounds, that I would not go any farther, and, hurrying down the aisle, with the old sexton at my heels, made the best of my way back to Dick in spite of his feeble protestations.

"She be in a mortal hurry, sir," he mumbled, out of breath with the haste he had made to follow me. "If she'd a stopped a bit and comed up to the tower steps, I'd a showed her the Court, where they see Lady Anne's seed still. But that's all stuff, for Lady Anne's miles and miles away, and her rooms is shutten up, they be!"

Dick did not pay much attention to the old man's ramblings; but I shivered as I turned away, and glanced fearfully at the gray church tower.

"She can't be seen there," I told myself, "if she has left for good and all. I only wish she hadn't left, and could drive poor Dick back in her carriage to Abbot's Cray."

At length we got clear of the village and a mile or two on our way. Then I began to see how much Dick suffered, and how brave and patient he was; so I made him lean on me, and fancied I helped him to walk more easily. But we had not got half-way home, when all of a sudden he turned faint and pale and sank down upon a heap of stones.

For the first time my heart failed me, and I saw what my foolish wish to see Lady Anne's home had brought us to. I shall never forget the next hour as long as I live, or Dick's efforts to creep homewards and the torture he endured. The moon rose and night fell, and we were still by the wayside, a forlorn and pitiful pair, three long miles from father's house, and as likely as not to spend the night where we were.

About midnight we caught the faint sound of approaching wheels, which turned out to be a cart with Jim the butcher's boy in it. I actually hugged him in my wild unreasoning joy.

"Oh, Jim, how did you think of coming here?" I gasped, as Dick, safely helped up into the cart, was settling his poor foot on a heap of straw.

Jim replied, with bashful pride—

"Why, ye see, missie, parson wur hunting the woods with Bill Wyford and Sam Sykes, and they'd been and drove halfway up all the roads nigh at hand; and then, thinks I, mayhap they've gone on Colford road, though it's a blazing hot road by day and lonely by night. Then I slips into the stable and gets out the pony, and here I be. Parson'll be joyful when he sees ye."

But however joyful father was, he was angry too, and, when he heard where we had been, he looked very grave and stern indeed; but he never betrayed us to Lady Anne, though she heard of Dick's accident somehow. She drove over whilst he was laid up, and said it was a mercy he had not lost his foot.

Soon afterwards father was sent for to stay at Mulchester, and then he told Lady Anne he did not feel justified in attempting to take pupils, and could not attend to them properly. So, when Dick came back, it was only to say "Good-bye" and to tell us he was going to be a soldier.

This was the end of having my first wish gratified, and for a long time I could not bear the name of Sandford Court and hated Colford road. All the joy of my life went out with Dick's departure, and what little goodness I had went too; besides which, I grew lank and ungainly, till I began to fear I should be like the giantess I had seen in a show.

But, on one of Lady Anne's rare visits,

I heard her say something to father which puzzled me greatly.

"Don't you think, Mr. Dare," she began, in her pretty imperious way, at which nobody ever thought of taking offence—"don't you think the child wants longer gowns? Why, in another year she'll be as old as I was when I married!"

My father looked up, startled, and said—

"She's a growing girl, Lady Anne, and very awkward; but I didn't think of the gowns."

She laughed a gentle little laugh, and said—

"It's a case of the ugly duckling, Mr. Dare; you'll wake up some of these fine days and find it's a swan after all; and what in the world will you do with it? You had better let me have your child for a little while. Men can manage ugly ducklings, but they can't take care of a swan!"

I pondered this speech as I was weeding my own especial flower-bed under the study window where Lady Anne and my father were talking; but they said nothing more on the subject.

I was thinking of this as I drew my inky pictures on the old wooden desk, from which Dick's familiar face seemed to look up, and I wondered vaguely what Lady Anne meant by the "ugly duckling." As I mused, our old servant, Rebecca, peered in at the door, and in her hand she held a parcel.

"Bob the carrier's boy brought this," she observed, "and he's waiting to know if it's right."

I jumped up, ink-bespattered and untidy, and seized the parcel, which she held grudgingly towards me.

"Of course it's right!" I cried eagerly, for there was my name on the paper in Lady Anne's delicate handwriting. "Thank Bob for bringing it up," I added, as Rebecca disappeared; and then with quivering fingers I began to open my first parcel in a state of mind bordering on ecstasy.

Books we had, enough and to spare, mostly in father's study and for father's use, with a stray volume here and there of Shakspere or Sir Walter Scott, but never one like that which now lay before me. It was bound in brightest red, with gilt edges, contained hundreds of pictures, and "Maggie Dare" was beautifully written on the fly-leaf.

I had never seen Andersen's fairy-tales before—never even heard of them. But all fairy-tales were dear to my heart, and, long before I was summoned to pour out tea for father, I had plunged deeply into the contents, and found amongst them the "Ugly Duckling," about which my mind had been so greatly exercised.

I saw it all then. I was the ugly duckling, but I was to turn into a swan some day. I did not dare to tell father a word, for he would have wanted to know how I was aware what Lady Anne said, and I should have to tell him I overheard their conversation whilst I was weeding my flower-beds under the study window.

There was not much harm in it, but father would inquire why I had stayed there if I could hear him speaking to any one in the study; and, as I could not well answer the question, I should only look foolish. So I just asked him to see what a lovely present Lady Anne had sent me; and he seemed very pleased, for everything that Lady Anne did was right.

"When I was a boy," he remarked, "I had a copy of this very book." And he began to turn over the pages till he came to the "Ugly Duckling," when he paused and looked at me with troubled eyes. "Maggie," he asked gently, "how old are you?"

"Sixteen, father," I answered proudly, but with a guilty blush, for I knew he was thinking of what Lady Anne had said.

Presently however father spoke again.

"Maggie, do you think you could choose yourself a frock if I took you over to Mulchester?"

"Yes—I'm sure I could, father," was my joyous answer. "I have so longed for a new gown—a pretty gray—ever so much longer than this, and," I added, getting bolder as I went on, "a little straw hat and parasol to match!"

Father smiled—a little sadly, perhaps—but still the smile cheered me, and with great eagerness I asked when we should go.

"Why, to-morrow, child, if you like. We'll borrow Farmer Wilson's tax-cart, and then we can take our time."

I did not much like the idea of the tax-cart; but still I reflected that father would put it up at the hotel, and we could walk about and look at the shops. But my short frock and long limbs!

How heartily I hated them both! But I did not dare to say a word, lest father should take fright and be ashamed to take me to Mulchester. So I went into the garden after tea, and carried my precious book with me, and read till the moon rose like a big golden ball above the horizon and dew lay thickly on our unshaven lawn.

"You mean to catch your death of cold, Miss Maggie!" was Rebecca's greeting, as she brought me my supper of bread-and-milk. "Here's your dress as damp as if you'd been out in the rain; and, dear heart alive, I do believe you've never changed your shoes!"

"I forgot, Rebecca," I replied meekly, for I was too happy to be cross; "but I'll change them now, and then I'll have my supper."

Greatly mollified, Rebecca went to find my slippers, light the lamps, and draw the curtains close. Father was always fidgety about the windows, and Rebecca was ten times worse, so they shut out the lovely moon, and left me to eat my supper in the horrid stuffy dining-room, which I hated more than any room in the house.

But to-night I did not care much. It seemed as if from the moment when I drew that inky picture of Dick on my old desk good luck had come to me—first, my parcel with the lovely book from Lady Anne, and then father's promise of a new gown.

I began to think I should change sooner than I expected from a duckling to a swan. Full of these silly thoughts, I went to bed of my own accord, after embracing father in his study and asking at what time we should start the next day.

Arrived in my room, I set to work to see if I could let out one of my terrible frocks, so as not to be the laughing-stock of everybody at Mulchester on the morrow. It was not yet ten o'clock—and Rebecca would not be in bed until eleven—so I had an hour before she would pass my door and perhaps look in to see if I was asleep. By dint of letting down a hem I achieved my object; but my stitches were long and straggling, and I was greatly exercised as to how I could iron out my work without exciting Rebecca's curiosity.

Then I tried on my frock, and over it the jacket I had worn all last summer: then I took out my shabby little hat, and, with tears in my eyes, remembered I had not a scrap of ribbon to smarten it up with.

Then I fell to brushing my wavy locks—which never would lie smooth, and which Rebecca had sarcastically termed "carrots"—and looked thoughtfully at my own image reflected in mother's big glass, which had been given up to me.

I tried all manner of ways of doing my hair, which it had hitherto been my ambition to brush up off my forehead as much as possible. Now I allowed my rebellious curls to wave over it at their own sweet will, and was scared at the change this made in my appearance.

"I'll wear my hat down over my face," I thought, "and then Rebecca won't be able to tell father I've made a guy of myself. When we get to Mulchester, he'll wonder what has come to me, and think of Lady Anne."

Greatly comforted by this idea, I jumped into bed and was asleep in five minutes.

I was awake with the sun, and ready to slip into the kitchen and heat my iron whilst Rebecca was busy with the sitting-rooms. Safely back again, I smoothed out my hem and divers creases in the frock I had decided to wear, and for the first time in my life dressed myself with anxious care. My hair I left until I put on my hat and could tuck my curls comfortably up beneath its brim.

I do not think even the ugly tax-cart or Rebecca's prognostications of thunder and rain marred my happiness that morning. When we were well on our road and had passed outside father's parish, I felt as if a great weight was taken from my heart, and that I could breathe freely. Half-way to Mulchester I recollected that Lady Anne lived in a quaint red-brick house somewhere in the High Street; but I was a small child when I had last been there, and my memory of her home was faint and shadowy.

I remembered her ladyship in her brocade and lace, and I thought in my inmost heart that no one would remember anything else when she was by.

But I did not speak to father of Lady Anne; and he was very silent till the spires of Mulchester came into sight, and a milestone reminded us that we had driven fifteen miles that morning.

Furtively adorning myself in the inn parlor whilst father arranged about having the tax-cart put up, I prepared to meet him with a beating heart. But he was too busy to notice me, as we were to dine before doing our shopping.

Only once during the meal did he seem perplexed, he looked at me in a puzzled way, as if he knew I was changed, but could not tell how. Just as we left the hotel and turned into the High Street, down the hill clattered a tiny pony-carriage, driven by Lady Anne herself, who, on catching sight of the father, drew up so suddenly that the spirited ponies reared and frightened me dreadfully. Before five minutes were over she had found the errand which had brought us to Mulchester, and immediately took the matter into her own hands.

"Go and get your books and your papers, Mr. Dare," she said to my father, "for I know well enough that you're dying to be off to the library yonder. I'll take the child and see to her frocks, and you shall come and drink tea with me afterwards."

There was no gainsaying Lady Anne, so in fear and trembling I sat down in the carriage, feeling a shabby little figure beside her, and wishing myself a hundred miles away. But by the time she had whirled me off to the very biggest shop in Mulchester I had no longer any will of my own. Lady Anne could have twisted me round her little finger if she had so pleased, and turned me into a duck or a swan by a touch of her magic wand.

To save my life I could not tell what happened in that shop. Lady Anne ordered, found fault, and encouraged—never scolded, that was not her habit—and the shop people flew in all directions to obey her least wish; and I came out of that shop so changed that I did not know myself.

But in all my childish simplicity I knew that she had not for one moment compromised my dignity, or made the people think the purchases were hers instead of mine. To say I was scared at their magnitude would be untrue—I was simply dazed, and blindly confident that all Lady Anne did was right.

Father looked equally dazed when she told him what she had bought. Then we drank tea of lovely little cups no bigger than a doll's, and ate wonderful "Maid of Honor" cakes, and I felt and behaved altogether as if I were in fairyland.

CHAPTER II.

JACK REDFERN was emphatically a "man about town"—not exactly a man without a profession, for he had studied for the Bar, and might have been anything but a briefless barrister had he so desired. But Jack was the son of wealthy parents, and consequently careless.

He loved his chambers, for they afforded him the very best of excuses for not living at home, which he detested, though he was a dutiful son; but, all the same, whilst his fond parents pictured him hard at work on his legal studies, master Jack was lounging about in art studios, whiling away his time at the Academy, or doing something equally alien to his own profession.

Besides all this, Jack was prone to strike up friendships with the most unlucky wights of his own profession—clever men, at whose door fortune had never once knocked, and hopeless men, who had long since ceased to look for such a favor at her capricious hands.

Amongst these was David Carnwath, the briefless barrister who studied in those shabby chambers in the Temple, out of which he walked one sultry night in August never to return.

On the same August evening, that on which Maggie drew the inky picture on her battered desk, in the far-away country vicarage, Jack Redfern was due at those chambers somewhere between eight and nine o'clock, and accordingly, as the chimes were striking the half-hour after eight from the church clock, he was strolling leisurely along in the direction of David's rooms, smoking his meerschaum as if that was his sole object and occupation in life.

At length Jack mounted, with slow and deliberate steps, those very stairs down which the friend he sought had come only a little while before.

"Out, by Jove!" was his disappointed exclamation, after rapping at the door and lighting a match to read the inscription left thereon for the edification of visitors. "Well, it must be something out of the common that's keeping Carnwath; I'll walk up and down the gardens for a while, for he's sure to meet me as he promised—no fear of that!"

So saying, down-stairs again strode Jack. He was a fine broad-shouldered fair young fellow of about eight-and-twenty, with whom no one would have cared to meddle. As he issued from the dim gateway he stood swinging his stick carelessly. But, though Jack waited under the quiet stars for David Carnwath's coming, he waited in vain; and the moon was high in the heavens when he called the night-watchman and spoke to him.

"I've been waiting about here since half-past eight for Mr. Carnwath," he said, knocking out the ashes from his pipe as he spoke, "and he hasn't turned up yet. I shouldn't think much of that if it were any other man, but, knowing Mr. Carnwath as I do, I can't understand it."

The watchman, who knew both the barristers well, shook his head in evident perplexity and peered into the doorway, where a solitary lamp showed the steps leading to David's chambers.

"Has he writ nothin' on his door, sir?" he inquired at last.

"Yes," replied Jack—"and that makes it still more strange. 'Back at eight' is on the door, and it's now between twelve and one. What can have kept him?"

"Can't say, I'm sure, sir," was the cautious reply. "Have master Carnwath no friends in Lonnun where he might be stopping the night?"

"No, he has not!" was the curt reply. "His people—if he has any—must be in the country. I remember he once spoke of going to Penmaenmawr, and that's about the only place I ever heard him mention in my life."

"Do you happen to know, sir, where he went to there?" asked the puzzled watchman, looking round as he spoke, in the vain hope of seeing David's Carnwath's ungainly figure cross in the moonlight.

"His only sister," answered Jack irritably; "but it's of no use worrying her yet, and I think it's not much use waiting here. At what hour do you go off duty?"

"Not till it's pretty nigh daylight, sir. Shall I look round and tell your honor if Mr. Carnwath's comed in by then?"

"I wish you would, Jenkins," replied Jack; "and, if he hasn't returned, we must find him—that's all!"

And off went Jack Redfern towards his chambers in the Inner Temple. But, before reaching his rooms, he stopped suddenly.

"I'll go to Scotland Yard," he thought; "and, if they call me a fool for my pains, they may. Perhaps even this short delay may mean danger for David. Stranger disappearances are not uncommon; but I'm perfectly certain that nothing short of an accident could have kept him from meeting me."

* * * * * *

Meanwhile the new Baronet reigned in the house that had once been Lady Anne Sandford's.

But he was not a popular man—the feeling for the exiled family was too strong for that—and he was not the kind of person to live down this feeling. In fact, during the three years he had been at Sandford Court, he had won very few friends—if any; and had not gained one step in the favor of the old county families.

From the moment the ownership of the Court was changed, a great alteration came over Merton Sandford, and it was one very greatly for the worse. Sir Stephen had been Master of the Hounds, and Lady Anne's pretty pony-carriage one of the ornaments of the "meet;" whilst, as a magistrate, the old Baronet was known to be as kind as he was just.

Now everything was put on a different footing. The stables of the Court were quietly emptied and the whole hunting-stud was sold, a quiet hack or two and the carriage-horses alone remaining of all its former splendor; whilst, by preserving the game with a strictness unknown in the days of good Sir Stephen, and a rigid enforcement of all bye-laws, the new Baronet made himself as obnoxious as the former was popular. The reduction of his stud involved other economies more offensive, and the discarded grooms and stable-helpers did not lift up their voices in Sir Andrew's praise.

"He's a close-fisted un, he is!" ran the grumbling comment of one and all as they drank their ale and smoked their short clay pipes at the Sandford Arms, the centre of all village gossip; while in the servants'-hall it was the same.

Sir Andrew, being a widower, had his own housekeeper down to take the place of the ancient dame who had ruled for thirty years at the Court, and, with the latter, all the staff of servants received their conge, so that Dick might well remark to Maggie, as they took their unlucky walk to Lady Anne's old home, on

the dislike he felt at being seen by any of the new people.

But folk had their revenge in seeing how completely Sir Andrew was despised by the county families. Stiff and formal were the visits paid to the Court, and gradually all social intercourse, as far as he was concerned, dwindled down to a magistrates' dinner, or an equally staid function when the judges sat in solemn assize.

The new Baronet had one weak spot in his heart, and that was for his only child—a delicate boy of eight. Whether this weakness arose from love, pride, ambition, or all three combined, certain it is that he made all around him speedily understand that the little heir was everything in his opinion, impressing the fact upon their minds with an entire disregard of each individual's feelings.

Another circumstance added to the disfavor in which Sir Andrew was held. A favorite part of the magnificent old Court was closed. It was the portion occupied once by Lady Anne, and consequently to some degree sacred in the eyes of the villagers.

Of this he alone had the keys, and, after a time, that portion of the Court came to be regarded with the fear and avoidance given to a chamber where the dead have lain, and where ghostly visitations may haply linger.

Rumors leaked out that Lady Anne herself had been seen at the quaint mullioned casements by belated peasants gathering wood by stealth; and very possibly these rumors, showing that the villagers prowled too near the house, occasioned traps to be set where the deer were not likely to stray, as Dick Sandford knew to his cost and Maggie ever remembered with a shudder.

At the Sandford Arms controversy oftentimes waxed fast and furious on the subject of the Court and its new master. One of the dismissed grooms—now in the service of Colonel Markham of Highbridge—happening to be spending a holiday in the village, and testing the good ale for which the old hostelry was noted, found his tongue considerably loosened, while his discretion was in consequence at a very low ebb.

"I seed a light," he said confidentially, "a-gleamin' through the trees up by my Lady Anne's chamber—the night the Justices sat so late at Mulchester; and the Colonel he seen it too. 'I thought those rooms were closed?' he sees to me, curious like. I shivers and sez nothin', for I wur mortal afeared to speak whiles that queer light wur a-shin' so nigh us. 'Do you hear me, Higgins?' sez the Colonel; and I answers that I does hear—more's the pity.

"But the Colonel weren't to be putten off that way. He sez, 'Well, can't you answer a straight question, man? Are those rooms shut up or not?' And I sez, 'I've been telled they wos shut up a many times.' 'Well, it doesn't look much it,' sez the Colonel; and, as he spoke, he twisted himself round in the saddle to get a better view of Lady Anne's rooms. But, thank goodness, we wos out o' sight of 'em, for the fir plantation comed in between, so I didn't mind saying soft and easy, 'There's queer tales goin' about, sir, but it's best to keep a still tongue in one's head, more partiklar about the Court yonder!'

"'Queer tales, are there?' sez the Colonel, sharp and short—for little he cares about the likes o' them. 'What sort of tales, man?' 'Why, sir,' sez I, a-edgin' a bit closer and a-droppin' me voice—for I didn't know what might be a-listenin'—'why, sir, they sez as Lady Anne's seen up yonder; but I duno how that can be, nohow.' The Colonel he sez nothin' for a minute, and then he swears. I drops behind like a shot, for, as I said afore, I did not know what might be a-listenin', and we rides on for the matter of harf a mile without sayin' another word. Then, jest as we comes out on Murley Heath, the Colonel he pulls up sharp and turns to me. 'Higgins,' he sez, quite calm and cool, 'I'll give a five-pound note to the man who finds out the reason of that light yonder and keeps a still tongue in his head!' And I touches my hat and sez nothin', but I'm a-goin' to do it, and the Colonel he knows I'm a-goin' to do it!"

The fire burned clear and bright behind the red blinds of the cosy kitchen at the Sandford Arms to tempt belated travelers by its ruddy glow. But a shiver now ran through the little group of listeners in the bar, and there were several calls for spirits and a great puffing at clay pipes before the parish clerk ventured to renew the weird subject.

"It's about two and a half years agone," he commenced, in a thin piping voice, "sin' the lights wur first seen at the Court. Jim Sparkes's boy wur the fust to tell on't, and he wur that scared no sense could be gotten out of what he sed. He wur pickin' up wood where he'd no business to be a-pickin' it up. But he sed, and sticks to it now, that he seed Lady Anne, as plain as might be, a-lookin' out of the tapestry chamber, and he left the sticks he'd been a-gatherin' and runned for his very life! Arter a bit," continued the clerk, "it comed to the ears of Sir Andrew that Lady Anne wur seen at the Court, and he sends up to Lunnon for spring-traps to be set about the place; an' old Job Rogers did say as he thinks a young gent got caught one day soon arter they was put down, for he comed unawares-like on Job, who were a-diggin' a grave in the corner o' the churchyard, and there was nowheres for him to come from but the park wall. An' he sits and ties up his foot with a handkercher, whiles the young miss who wur with him goes in on pretence o' seein' the church. But it wur all a pretence, for she come out agin in a jiffy, and wouldn't stop to go up the tower, tho' there's a fine view o' the Court to be seen from there. Anyhow he gives Job harf a crown, and Job he holds his tongue, for he didn't want to git no one into trouble; it wur only the other day he lets it out to me, as he wur diggin' agin in the very same corner, which put him in mind of it maybe. But Sir Andrew he nivver knowed who set the story about Lady Anne a-goin', or bill Sparkes would not ha' been tooken on in the stables, and been a-doin' as well as he's a-doin' there."

Something in this speech instantly sobered Colonel Markham's groom, and, making a pretext for going into the inn yard, he administered to himself a dose of cold water from the stable-pump, which effectually cleared his brain from any remaining effects of his late potations, and shortly afterwards took his leave.

"I mum be up and stirring by daybreak," he explained, "for the Colonel 'll want the horses out by ten o'clock, and it's a good twelve miles between this and Highbridge. Happen I may get a lift on the road, but, lift or no lift, I mum be ready for work."

But for all this, when once outside the Sandford Arms, and satisfied that no one was noticing him, it was not to bed that Higgins took his way, but to the scene of his former service under good Sir Stephen. He knew well that if a light was to be seen in the harness-room Bill Sparkes would not be far off.

But an unexpected obstacle presented itself. The side of the gate of the servants' quarters, always left open in Sir Stephen's time till a late hour, was fastened up for the night, and Higgins, mentally anathematizing the suspicious nature of Sir Andrew, was just thinking whether he should venture to ring and ask boldly for Bill, or scale the wall and getting his head broken, when the approach of footsteps made him draw back and wait to see what good or bad fortune awaited him.

Presently a key turned in the lock, and no less a person than young Bill himself—whistling all the while, no doubt to keep up his fleeting courage—appeared, bent on some errand to the village. This was a chance by no means to be lost, and so Higgins, letting Bill get well clear of the precincts of the Court, followed in his footsteps, keeping at a safe distance till the road, branching off from Murley Heath, gave him the opportunity he desired—of apparently overtaking Bill from that direction.

"Hallo!" he called out; and Bill, wondering who hailed him in so friendly a manner, stopped his whistling, half in curiosity.

"Hast thou forgotten Joe Higgins?" was the groom's greeting as he came up to where Bill had halted in doubt and terror. "I've comed over for a bit of a holiday, an' I'm right glad to find you've been took on at the Court."

"Maybe you're more glad nor me," was Bill's sullen reply, "fur times is changed sin you wur up yonder, and it's all work and no play for them as serves Sir Andrew; and I knows it, I does!"

"Well, Bill, if so be I could give you a lift into a better service I'd do it, an' glad—an' maybe I'll do it some day. Don't the old guv'nor give wage and grub enuff?"

"I don't complain of the grub," was the rejoinder, "but the wage is poor, and we're kep' on our legs from morn till night. Who ivver heerd on a stable-boy a-goin' to the village for lie at this time o'night, when all decent shops be shutten up?"

"Not I, for one," observed Higgins, with a laugh. "But there's nowt to be afeered of in these quiet roads, an' that's a good thing for thee!"

"Nowt to be afeerd on in th' roa-ads?" repeated Bill sarcastically. "But I knows where there's summat to be afeerd on not a hunder mile off, and you'd know it too if you lived up yonder!"

"I ain't afeerd of nothin'," remarked the groom scornfully. "I'd like to see any one tackle me, I would!"

"Be ye afeerd of ghostesses?" whispered Bill, coming closer to his companion, who, despite his bold words, was anything but at ease. "I doan't mind tellin' you, Joe," the boy went on sullenly, "cos ye doan't bide in the village an' get a-talkin' at the Sandford Arms; but I'm that scared sometimes up yonder that I means to make a clean bolt of it afore long!"

"There ain't no such things as ghostesses," said Joe, though no one believed in them more firmly than he did at the very moment he was speaking. "Who ivver seed one, I'd like to know?"

"I'd seed one, Joe," returned the boy in a frightened undertone, "and I feel that I must tell somebody!"

"If tellin' 'ull do 'ee any good," was the groom's artful reply, "tell it an' welcome, Bill. But seein's believin', and you'll not expect me to believe in no ghostesses, I hopes?"

In his excitement and fear Bill stood still, for the lights of the village were now visible, shining faintly through the trees, and once there he might by chance be overheard.

"Afore I comed to the Court I knowed there wur summat to be seen, 'cos I'd been scared mysel'," he observed, keeping close to Joe and casting an uneasy look behind him; "but I wur that afeared as Sir Andrew 'ud find out it wur me as seed it that I daredn't say no when he axes me to go up and help in the stables. I thinks I can keep safe at t'other side o' the place, where no ghostesses comed, for what I'd seen wur in Lady Anne's tower rooms."

"What didst thou see?" asked the groom. "Wur it black or white, Bill?"

"It warn't black and it warn't white," replied the boy sullenly; "it wur jest Lady Anne herself, an' she wur a-lookin' out an' a-watchin' me pickin' up some bits o' sticks; an' I leaves 'em an' runs like a hunted hare, an' nivver stops till I gits home agin. That ain't all," added the boy, seeing that Joe made a sign of unbelief—"I seed summat more nor that, but it wur long arter. I means to bolt, for I can't stand it nohow!"

"Tell me what thou'st seen, Bill," exclaimed Higgins, "and then maybe when thou dost bolt I can help thee to a place; but if thou goest on beatin' about the bush I can't do nothin'!"

The boy plucked at Joe's sleeve.

"Come further away out o' them shadders," he said in terror, "an' I'll tell thee all. I'd been in th' harness room a bit later than I'd ought to, an' I got locked out. They thinks I'm right enuff in bed, for it wur arter supper, an' I daren't let 'em know anythin' different. It wur that hot I thowt I'd choke, and clouds was a-comin' up from the sou'-west, black and thundery, but th' moon wur pretty high up, and nowt but bits of flyin' scud had touched her yet; so I makes up a bed o' horse-cloths quite contented-like, and lays down arter shovin' a corn-bin agin the door. P'r'aps I'd slep one hour," continued the lad, "p'r'aps three or four, when summat wakens me, an' I sits up all of a heat, an' yet a-shiverin'. I couldn't stop where I was nohow; I thowt they 'ud find me out and do me a mischief; so I ups and creeps out at winder, a-catchin' hold on the branch of a big tree growin' hard by and a-climbin' right away till I comes to pretty nigh the top. Then I listens and looks. I could see the shut-up side o' the Court, but not them rooms I wur afeerd on, only the tower door where Lady Anne used to come down to walk in her gardens, where all the trees are cut inter shapes of birds and beastesses."

Bill paused to take breath and wipe his hot face, while the groom, bidding him "go ahead and look sharp," glanced suspiciously towards the "shadders" under the trees.

"I watches," continued the boy, speaking fast and low, "and I sees summat a-movin' along the park; but it kept dark, jest as if it know'd I wur a-lookin'. All at once, there was a bit of bright moonlight to be crossed, I sees what 'tis, an' thinks I'm a-droppin' dead with the scare, for it's a coffin, Joe, a-carried by summat as black as itself; and then I knows I'm a-slippin' down somewheres; and, when I comes to, I'm a-hangin' on half-ways down the tree, catched by a big broken branch."

Bill was now wiping something more than heat from his flushed face, and his companion was sorely puzzled how to proceed. He was heartily frightened, and trembled, but the boy's voice aroused him.

"Doan't 'ee go an' tell, Joe—doan't 'ee! Whatsumever I seed that night 'ull do for me, I'm certain sure!"

"Look here, Bill," Higgins at length remarked, "I'll giv' thee a golden guinea if thou'lt find out who burns that 'ere light in Lady Anne's rooms, or who yon coffin wur meant for. Go along for yer lie now, fur we two mus'n't be seen a-talkin'; but, if thou get'st inter trouble at th' Court, come straight away to Highbridge and I'll see thee safe through it, or my name ain't Joe!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Bric-a-Brac.

THE PAW-PAW.—There is a tree in the West Indies called the paw-paw tree in the leaves of which it is said the natives wrap their meat so as to render it more easily digestible; the "ferment" of this tree is used by the medical faculty in pills to aid digestion.

ICEBERGS.—In the Antarctic Ocean the icebergs that have been noticed from time to time rose four hundred and eighty, seven hundred, and even one thousand feet above the water, and were from three to five miles long. Their enormous bulk may be inferred from the fact that the part under water is about seven times as large as that above.

THE QUEEN'S PIPE.—The celebrated "Queen's pipe," at Portsmouth, a furnace in which for many years all seized contraband tobacco has been burned, has just been abolished. The tobacco will in future be supplied to the troopships, for the use of the troops during passage from port to port, and possibly to the ships of the navy in general.

THE POSTAL SERVICE.—The first mention of a postal service in the United States is that of the General Court of Massachusetts in 1639. "It is ordered that notice be given that Richard Fairbanks his house in Boston is the place appointed for all letters which are brought from beyond the seas or are to be sent thither, to be left with him, and he is to take care that they are to be delivered or sent according to the direction. And he is allowed for every letter a penny, and must answer all miscarriages through his own neglect in this kind."

LARGE "GOBBLERS."—The American bronze is the largest of all turkeys. Some of the weights attained by it are almost fabulous. Birds have been known to reach more than fifty pounds, and a "gobbler" was imported some time ago by the secretary of the Turkey Breeders' Club of Peterborough which weighed forty-five pounds and was a magnificent specimen of his race. The records of the great Birmingham show tell of old turkey cocks exhibited there weighing nearly forty pounds, of hens thirty pounds, of young cocks twenty-nine pounds, and of young hens nineteen pounds; but these are birds fed up for the purpose, and are exceptional.

THE MYSTIC PLANT.—The mistletoe is by no means, even in a state of nature, a rare plant. In modern times it is regularly cultivated, the viscous seed, if carefully inserted in a notch in many tree-barks, sprouting with ease, though its growth is extremely slow. But trees selected for this crop are soon incapable of producing any other; for, the sap being intercepted by the roots of the parasite, the proper ripening of the fruit is prevented, and in time the tree is killed. Hence little by little the trade in this distinctive feature of Christmastide has been drifting over the Channel, where either land is cheaper or apple-trees are less valued.

RIGHTS OF OTHERS.—It is quite possible to cherish fine and keen perceptions of other people's feelings, and thus to discover how we are affecting them by our conduct. The selfish sensitiveness which smarts at every slight or unkindness to itself, and perhaps imagines many more, is often replaced by callous insensibility when the feelings of others come to be considered. It is those who exact the most that usually give the least. Carlyle says, "In good breeding, which differs, if at all, from high breeding only as it gracefully remembers the rights of others rather than gracefully insists on its own rights, I discern no special connection with wealth or birth, but rather that it lies in human nature itself, and is due from all men to all men."

A FRIENDLY ANT.—The president of the Linnean Society, in a recent lecture delivered in the gardens of the Royal Botanic Society, drew attention to the curious and intimate relationship existing between some animals and plants, especially in tropical countries, where the struggle for existence is so fierce. One plant, known as the bull's-horn acacia, of Central America, provides a species of ant not only with food and drink, in the shape of tiny egg-like bodies upon its leaves and a sweet liquid contained in special wells on the stalk, but in addition it furnishes a tenement for the ant in the hollow spines with which it is armed. In return for these favors the ant protects the acacia from its enemies.

"You know," said a man, "there are some people who seem to be able to tell the time of the day without the aid of a timepiece; I don't mean by looking at the sun or that sort of thing, but right off-hand. If you ask one of these people what time it is, he says: 'Twenty-five minutes past four;' or 'twenty minutes to twelve,' or whatever it may be, and he gets within five minutes of right. It seems as though time had left upon their minds some impress of its flight."

WHITHER THOU GOEST.

O Love, I cried, thou saidst thy path was strewn
With roses, and behold my naked feet
Have tracked with crimson all thy stony street,
And faintness cometh swift upon me. Soon
Shall I fall prostrate in thy cruel way,
With eyes that reck not betwixt night and day—
Nor any joy of all thou toldst is won.
"Wouldst thou turn back?" said Love.
Nay, nay, I cried, lead on!

O Love, I cried, these be thy flowers that spring,
Glorious with crimson stain, beneath my feet;
And mine own heart makes melody more sweet,
For memoried sorrows, than thy glad birds sing,
Fain would I tarry in this happy place,
But thou still holdst thine unloitering pace
Toward the dark vale beyond the setting sun,
"Wouldst thou turn back?" said Love.
Nay, nay, I cried, lead on!

IN PERIL'S MIDST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VARCOE," "BY CROOKED PATHS," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV.

SAVE me!" she repeated, as if the words conveyed no meaning to her.

Senley Tyers regarded her with a grave, almost pitying smile, and waved his hand to a chair.

"Sit down, my dear Nora," he said with an ironical mockery of respect mingling with the familiarity indicated by the use of her Christian name which drove the blood to her face. She stood against the sideboard, one small hand gripping the edge, her dark eyes fixed upon his sallow face, with fear, dislike, distrust eloquent in them. The knife was still in her hand. "My dear girl, is it possible that you do not understand me?" he said in a low, almost caressing voice. "You know the danger you have been running, the peril in which you have been placed all these weeks?"

She was silent a moment, then she said in a reluctant voice—

"What danger, what peril? I do not know; I do not understand."

He turned his eyes from her face to the fire with a peculiar smile, that would have been an insult if she had understood its significance, and seemed as if debating with himself for a moment; then he said—

"My dear Nora, it is difficult to explain to you. Your ignorance, your innocence—charming, inexpressibly charming as they are—are so embarrassing that it is impossible to explain to you. Really, I feel tempted to let you remain in your condition of blissful ignorance, but for two considerations. The first is that I feel my duty towards a defenceless woman very strong upon me, and the next that if I held my hand and spared your feelings, they would only be spared for a time and would receive the shock of knowledge from some hand less kind than mine. No, my dear Nora, it is because I am your friend, and Vane Tempest's, that I feel constrained to speak, to make an effort and save you."

"Save me from what?" she said almost inaudibly; all but the last few words of his smoothly-polished speech had gone by her like the wind.

"From ruin," he said with a note of solemnity.

She put her hand to her lips and shook her head.

"I don't understand," she said, "you are saying all this to—to vex me. You do not like me, you have never liked me; you would not dare to speak to me like this if Vane were here!"

The simple truth stung him, a faint color came into his face, and a gleam of angry light shot across his eyes.

"You are mistaken," he said half pityingly. "My dear child, why should I dislike you? What harm could you possibly do me now or at any time? Think! Men only dislike those they fear; why should I fear you? Now, you dislike—shall we say hate?—me, my dear Nora; but that is because you fear me. You are very foolish. I tell you again that I am your friend; it is from sheer friendship to you and Vane that I have come down to step in between you and ruin."

He stopped and watched her closely for a moment or two, then he went on, still in his smooth, soft voice.

"You say you do not understand. But are you sure you do not? I can easily comprehend that the Nora Trevanion of the Witch's Cauldron would not understand; but you are quite a different person from that wild young savage—pray excuse me!—you have been living in London, mixing in good society; you have met men of the world, and women. You must have learnt something in that time; enough at any rate to know what I mean when I say that you have been playing on the brink of a precipice, a fall from which would land you in the deep waters of life-long shame and ruin."

She looked at him unflinchingly, her lovely eyes distended. She did not see him; the glimmer of his meaning in all its cruelty, was beginning to dawn upon her.

He smiled faintly.

"What do you think the world would say—those friends of Vane's with whom you have made acquaintance, if they knew that 'Ernest Mortimer' was a young lady?" he inquired in a smooth whisper. "What do you think for instance, Lady Florence Heathcote would think and say, if she knew?"

She did not answer, but her breath came more quickly.

"My dear Nora, I know, if you do not; but I think you can guess, imagine. She would be shocked, scandalized. All Vane's friends—the men friends—would crack their sides with laughter; the women!" He paused and shrugged his shoulders. "The women would gather their skirts about them and shrink from you as from something vile and loathsome; as if there were contamination in your touch, the very air you breathe. They would not shrink from you more, my dear Nora, if you had the smallpox, or the scarlet fever!"

Still she did not speak, but her breath came still faster, and her face was white, save for two spots that showed redly on her cheeks; her eyes still met his unflinchingly.

"They would not believe, they would laugh the idea to scorn, that you had been Vane Tempest's companion all these weeks in pure ignorance and innocence. There is not a woman in the world who would believe it. No! they would one and all point the finger of scorn at you, would cover you with shame and disgrace, would drive you from them as if you were a leper. And, indeed, indeed, my dear child, you would be a leper of the social kind; that kind of leprosy, which like the other, is worse, far worse than death."

He paused a moment. The two red spots had left her cheeks, and a deathly pallor now o'erspread her face.

"It was a thoughtless whim, freak, a little adventure, harmless enough in your eyes, I daresay; indeed, I know, my dear Nora," he said. "There seemed nothing wrong in it. How should there? And, as a matter of fact, there was nothing wrong in it; but the world," he raised his eyebrows, "the world would look at it in a very different light. It would call Vane a scoundrel, and you——" he paused dramatically and lowered his voice, "a girl lost to all sense of decency and shame!"

She staggered slightly and her hands went up to her eyes as she uttered a faint cry—a terrible cry, as though she had been struck blind; whereas, on the contrary, she was just seeing his meaning.

His ruthless hand had cruelly torn away the veil of her ignorance and innocence, and she, herself, saw her action as the world would see it.

A heart of stone might have pitied her; but Senley Tyers' heart was harder than where his own interest was not at stake. He felt no pity, no compunction. A smile of satisfaction crossed his face, and he took up the poker and stirred the fire. The light flickered on the stricken girl, and she turned her head away as if she seemed to shrink from it.

"You understand now, Nora?" he said gently. "Oh, yes; I see you do. You know now what I have come to save you from. For I have come to save you. You know now why I persuaded Vane to take you away from London and hide you down here?"

She did not move, but her hands fell from her face and clasped themselves tightly, fiercely.

"I give you my word, my dear girl, that I suffered agonies, untold agonies, after I discovered the truth. How Vane and you could have taken it so carelessly and lightheartedly I cannot imagine. At any rate, I cannot understand how he could have done so. With you it was another matter; your ignorance of the world, and all your folly meant, supported you. But he knew he must have realized——"

A low inarticulate cry broke from her parched lips. What must Vane, her Vane, have thought of her? was the agonizing question that drove like fire through her brain.

"Every hour of the day I trembled for you," he went on. "Every day I expected to hear that the discovery had been made; I never picked up a paper without dreading to see an account of the 'Scandal in High Life' in it. Whenever we were together, we three, I was on tenterhooks of anxiety lest you should make a false step, a slip, and let out the secret. That night at the theatre, when you started and glared at me because, treating you as the boy you pretended to be, I touched you on the shoulder, I thought Lady Florence would notice your resentment, the womanish flash of your eyes, and I trembled."

He paused and glanced at her. Every word, carefully prepared and calculated, was falling upon her heart like hot embers.

"Yes, my dear girl, I have had an anxious time of it, far more anxious than you or Vane have had. You will ask 'Why, what did it matter to you more than to the rest of the world, to the men at the club, for instance, to Lord Walter and the rest?' Well, you see, I happen to be a real friend of Vane's. He saved my life, as I daresay you know; and I knew that such a scandal as your continual presence with him in that masquerade, in that garb, would ruin him as well as you. Ruin him! I was anxious on his account principally, but also on yours; for though you do not like me, I liked you, Nora. I pitied you."

She writhed as if his avowed pity were fresh torture.

"You were so young, so innocent, so ignorant of the world. It was so evident to me that the folly you had committed had been but done on the impulse of the moment, had been quite free from the mere idea of wrong; in short, dear Nora, I divined the truth and pitied you. I wanted to befriend you, to save you. I knew that if you remained in London much longer your secret must be discovered. There was peril in every hour, and so I persuaded Vane to bring you down here."

She sank into a chair and hid her face in her hands, as if worn out by emotion.

He went on after a pause.

"I might have stopped there. Frankly, most men would have done so. You see, it was not a nice affair to be mixed up with. It would not be pleasant to figure as a participant in the scandal. But I could not leave you to your fate. I have come down to help you; and not only you, but him—my friend, the man who saved my life, the only true friend I have in the world. Will you let me help you, Nora?" He asked the question in the gentlest, sweetest tone of sympathy. "Will you let me help you? I am a man of the world; I know it to the core. I tell you frankly, honestly, as I would tell my own sister, that you cannot continue your course of deception much longer; that discovery means shame and ruin for you—and for him. If you will not think of yourself, if you are indifferent to your own happiness, you will consider his. I know you will, my dear child!"

She flung up her arms and let them fall on the table, and let her head fall on them.

"What shall I do?" she panted, moaned, more to herself than to him.

He rose softly and seated himself at the table opposite her, and leant forward so that there was no need for him to speak above a whisper.

"I will tell you, Nora," he said earnestly, slowly, as if to impress every word upon her. "You must go away. You must leave him!"

Her lips moved and formed the words—they rent her heart:

"Go away? Leave him?"

He heard the murmur.

"Yes. You must go away without a word. He must not know that I discovered your secret. I ask you only one thing, and that is to promise me that you will not tell him or anyone what has passed between us two this afternoon. Will you do that? But for your own sake you will, I know."

She did not speak, and he took her silence as equivalent to the promise he demanded.

"Now listen to me carefully," he said in the same cautious whisper. "To-morrow I will take him out of the way, and when we are gone you must leave this place. There is a train at eleven o'clock. You must not go to London, but to Glasgow. Can you remember? I have written the directions on this piece of paper. See!"

He pushed it across the table against her fingers, and they closed upon it mechanically.

"At Glasgow you will find a vessel on the point of starting for Canada. I have booked a passage for you. You see I relied upon your good sense. I knew you would trust me and believe that I was doing my best for you—and Vane." He waited a moment to see if she would respond, but no sign came. "You will find written on the paper an address in Canada to which you must go. It is the name and address of a lady who will take care of you and help you to make a fresh start in life. I have told her nothing, absolutely nothing, of your story. To her you will simply be the orphan of a friend of mine, a kind of ward whose welfare I am anxious to secure. You understand, my dear child? You will be happy there, and with these good people, I am convinced. And in a new world you will soon forget this fearful mistake of yours, which but for me would have brought you life-long ruin!" He paused, and drew out a purse. "You will want money——"

She shuddered, and with a spasmodic gesture shrank away from the purse.

"You have some?" he said. "Very well. I understand. But if you should need any you have but to apply to my friend or to write to me." He stopped and looked at her beautiful head, as it lay on her arms, with keen scrutiny. He would have preferred to have seen her face. "I know you will go, my dear Nora," he said gravely, sympathizingly. "I know you will see that it is your only course. Yes, I have not misjudged you. Some women, I know, would laugh my proposal to scorn, and would stop and brazen it out. But you are not of that sort. It is true"—he spoke slowly, impressively—"it is true that Vane might marry you, probably would marry you——"

She quivered in every limb, and, raising her head, looked full at him.

At the sight of her face Senley Tyers felt an uncomfortable sensation. Was this pale, haggard-looking woman the boy Ernest Mortimer, the girl Nora Trevanion?

"My dear child! my dear Nora!" he murmured, "you must not take it so much to heart, you must not, indeed! It is very sad, very trying, and I can understand all you are feeling; but you are young and—and—er—time——" Before the agony in her eyes even he faltered and broke down.

He paused with downcast glance for a moment, then he raised his eyes and looked at her keenly.

"Perhaps I am asking too much of you, after all," he said with a shrug of his shoulders. "Perhaps you had better stay and see the business out. Vane will marry you, no doubt." He sighed. "After all, what does it matter! It would ruin him, it's true—ruin him for life. He would never be able to go back to London, or his friends; he would be an outcast—the laughing-stock of all who had ever known him. But I don't see why you should care, so long as you got what you wanted and were his wife."

She sprang to her feet, her face crimson, her eyes flashing, her lips parted to let the fierce fast breath escape, and at a glance he saw that he had won.

"Forgive me, my dear Nora—forgive me!" he murmured. "I see I have wronged you. I would ask your pardon on my knees! You love him too well to work his ruin, do you not? Ah, yes, I might have known it! And you will go?—you will take my advice, accept my assistance? Say just one word, just the 'Yes,' Nora! For his sake, remember!"

He leant over the table, his own breath coming fast, his dark eyes fixed on her. She panted as if for breath, then the answer came.

"Yes—yes—yes!" she said hoarsely. "You know it! Let me go—anywhere—anywhere! I ruin him! Oh, God!"

She trembled and shook in every limb for a moment then stood erect, firm, resolute, with an expression in her beautiful eyes which Senley Tyers was far too ignoble a man to understand.

"I—I—will do what you tell me," she said painfully. "Don't—don't—speak to me about it again! I—I could not bear it!" I will go away; I will never see him again!"

He rose struggling with a triumphant smile.

"Not till to-morrow!" he said; "remember that! You cannot go to-night; he would follow and find you and bring you back. To-morrow, when I have taken him out for the whole day—— Hush!"

He had heard a footstep.

She had heard it too! When did she fail to hear it? With a quick gesture she struck her lips with her hand as if to stifle a cry, then sprang from the room, and up

the stairs as the latch was heard to tinkle.

CHAPTER XXV.

IT was Vane. Vane strong and stalwart, the raindrops glistening on his mountain suit of rough frieze, a happy careless light in his eyes. His gun was over his shoulder, his bag filled with birds. He had had a "good day," and was coming back to the delight of a quiet evening with Nora—his heart's friend, companion, sister.

He stopped and stared at Senley Tyers and burst into a hearty laugh of surprise, and his hand went out in quick welcome.

"Hallo, Sen!—why, you are a surprise packet! What on earth brings you down here? Why didn't you let us know you were coming? When did you come?"

Senley Tyers had stood awaiting Vane's entrance, with his back to the fire, and a deep pallor on his face. Your traitor has some uncomfortable movements in the course of his villainy. We all know what a bad time of it Judas had; and we more than suspect that the sleek scoundrel Iago must have felt cold chills of fear run through him whenever Othello's hand met his or fell on his shoulder in a friendly grip.

Senley Tyers had a very uncanny spasm or two as he stood facing Vane. But he soon recovered himself, and with his usual languid smile put his hand—it was cold and damp—in Vane's healthy glowing one.

"I ran down unexpectedly," he said. "The fact is I have been rather seedy, and I fancied a little of this keen air would set me up."

"You don't look quite the thing," said Vane; Senley Tyers' sallow face looked even more sallow than usual at that moment. "I am awfully glad you have come! You're right; this air will pull you round and make a man of you in no time. It's splendid!"

"You look well enough," admitted Senley Tyers, looking at him with a concealed envy.

No wonder Lady Florence loved this perfect specimen of youth and manliness. At that moment he hated Vane Tempest with even a keener hatred than before.

"Oh, I'm all right," said Vane, with his short laugh. "I'm out all day, tramping no end of miles with my gun. I've managed to get some shooting, you see; good birds, aren't they? Rather wild up here, but that makes it all the better fun. And so you've been seedy, poor old man! The fact is, you work too hard. The smell of paint can't be good for anybody," and he laughed.

Senley Tyers nodded and smiled at the old joke.

"Thank your stars that you are not a painter and glazier," he said. "And so my advice was worth following?"

"Yes!" assented Vane, laying the birds on the table, and wiping his gun with all the carefulness of a thorough sportsman. "Oh, rather! It was the very best thing we could have done. Ernest is quite another man, and is quite brown and hard-looking. It has set him up wonderfully."

He spoke quite naturally, and without any effort. He had almost grown to believe in Nora's assumed sex by this time.

"Yes, I have seen him," said Senley Tyers quietly.

"Ah, yes, I suppose you have. And don't you think him much improved? Doesn't look a bit fagged or tired now, does he?" He put the question with profound satisfaction.

Senley Tyers shook his head.

"Not a bit," he said. "I don't think I ever saw a youngster so much improved in so short a time. And now, I suppose, you will be coming back to town?"

Vane did not answer for a moment or two.

"Oh, I don't know," he said, as he took off his coat, and hung it over a chair in front of the fire. He had been so happy in this quiet place—Nora had been so happy—that the idea of leaving it for the dangers of London was not a welcome one. "We shall see. Perhaps Ernest would rather take a trip to the South; we might run down to Rome, or Nice, or even Egypt. He'd enjoy Egypt," he added, almost to himself.

Senley Tyers smiled. By every word and tone Vane was displaying his warm regard for the girl.

"Well, you might do worse," he said. "I suppose you will leave it to him to decide?"

"Yes," said Vane absently. "Well, and what is the news from the Little Village, Sen?"

Senley Tyers shrugged his shoulders.

"It still exists, notwithstanding the absence of one of its brightest ornaments, I might say two, for I'm told that Mortimer is decidedly missed. I hear that the Cavaliers are clamorous for his return, and that the 'Baby' mourns for him as for a twin brother."

Vane smiled, and Tyers went on.

"You will be glad to hear that the Great Bendosa is still 'booming.' I shouldn't be surprised if that investment of yours makes you a tolerably rich man, my dear Vane. As for thine humble servant, he means to start a carriage and pair directly."

Vane laughed, but carelessly. A love of money was not one of his numerous sins.

"I'm glad of that," he said simply. "Let's hope it will go on 'booming;' but to tell the truth, I'm thinking too much of dinner to care whether the Big Bendosa swells or bursts. I'm as hungry as a hunter. I suppose you never feel like that. By George, if you'll stop down here, and hang around with me for a week, you'll learn to count the hours to grub-time as anxiously as I do."

"Perhaps. By-the-way, you don't ask after Lady Florence."

"She's all right, I hope," said Vane, without looking up from his cartridge-case. "Slaying right and left without mercy, as usual, I suppose?"

"Quite as usual," assented Senley Tyers. "She has asked me of your whereabouts several times—I have had the honor of dining twice at Carlton-terrace while you have been away—but I always replied that I was not Vane Tempest's keeper."

Vane laughed.

"I'm glad you didn't tell her," he said. "You were quite right; if you want perfect quiet and peace of mind when you're away don't leave your address behind you."

He went to the door and called to Mrs. Burns and that good woman came in to take the birds and lay the cloth. She started slightly at the sight of Senley Tyers, and dropped him a curtsey.

"How do you do, Mrs. Burns?" he said languidly. "An unexpected visitor, I'm afraid, but don't let me put you out."

"Oh, it's all right," Vane made haste to say. "I'll get you a room in the keeper's cottage, and I know Mrs. Burns has got a good dinner for us; she always has. Come up to my room, Sen, and have a wash. Hurry up the dinner, Mrs. Burns, for we are all famishing."

He led the way, humming a tune. He was in the best of spirits, and very glad to see his friend. As he passed Nora's door he knocked at it, and cried out—

"Don't be long, Ernest!"

But no response came. At that moment Nora was kneeling on the floor with her face buried in the bed clothes. An agony of shame burnt in her veins like molten fire. Every word Senley Tyers had spoken repeated itself—kept repeating itself, in her anguished mind. The veil was indeed torn from her innocence, and she saw herself the nameless, shameful thing the world would consider her if it ever learned her true sex.

And he, Vane, her hero, her god! What must he think of her? He, too, must regard her as without shame. That was the reflection which caused her the greatest misery and anguish. She recalled the expression of his face, the tone of his voice that night of her arrival when, in the small room at St. James'-street, she had made herself known to him. Their meaning had not struck her then; but now, in the light of Senley Tyers' words, she understood their significance. Yes, in his kindness and pity he had hidden his true feelings; but all the time, from the first moment, he must have felt nothing but contempt—a kindly contempt—for her.

Yes, Senley Tyers was right. She must go. She must leave him for ever. At the thought she shook from head to foot, and a low moan escaped her. If Senley Tyers had told her that best thing she could do would be to kill herself, to quit the world altogether, it would have seemed less hard than to leave Vane Tempest, and to go on living without him.

He was everything to her. Father, mother, brother. There was absolutely no one else in the world! And she must leave him. What had this man said? That if she stayed Vane would perhaps—indeed, most likely—marry her. Marry her! She could scarcely realise the idea. He, Vane Tempest, as far above her as the stars are above the puddle in which they shine, marry her! The thought whirled through her brain and confused her. The minutes slipped by, each carrying a load of anguish almost intolerable. If she could only die, there, that moment. He would forgive her all the trouble she had caused him, would forgive and pity her, and perhaps go on thinking kindly of her. Oh, if she could only die! When Vane knocked she tried to speak, but could not find her voice; but his voice roused her from the profound apathy, the overpowering weakness of intense suffering, and she rose, steadying herself by the end of the bed.

As she did so she caught sight of herself in the glass. A shudder ran through her. She gazed at the boy's clothes with a loathing, a horror beyond all words. It was a garb of shame. She hid her face in her hands to shut out the sight of herself, which Senley Tyers had made hideous to her. What should she do, where should she go? She felt as if she could not go down to them, not even to Vane, if he had been alone, though her life depended on her doing so. She would have left the house and fled at once, but she knew that flight at that time of night would be futile. Vane would track her in half an hour. She must wait until dawn. But the thought of following Senley Tyers' directions, of accepting his assistance, filled her with repugnance. While she stood gazing vacantly round the room, like a wild animal caught in the toils, she heard the two men coming along the passage.

Vane hammered at the door again.

"Look sharp, Ernest!" he shouted blithely.

She forced herself to answer him, though her lips were dry, and her voice seemed to have gone for ever.

"Don't wait," she said: "I've a headache. I—I will be down presently."

Vane came back—

"A headache?" he said. "Oh, I'm sorry. Don't hurry. I'll send some tea or something up by Mrs. Burns."

"No, no!" she gasped as steadily as she could. "I don't want anything. Go on, I will come down presently."

They went down.

"Ernest isn't up to the mark," said Vane as they seated themselves at the table. "Headache, he says. Caught cold, I expect. I'll send him up some tea if he doesn't come down. Now then, old man, prime Scotch beef and grouse. There's no claret; nothing but tea and whisky; you've got to rough it, you know."

He chatted light-heartedly enough during the meal, though he now and again stopped and listened as if his thoughts were straying to the room upstairs; and when the table was bing cleared he said—

"I think I'll run up and see how Ernest is getting on."

"Do," said Senley Tyers, throwing himself back in the chair with a rather too elaborate air of being quite at his ease. He had been rather silent all through the inner, but had nodded and smiled responsively enough.

Vane had poured out a cup of tea and, with it in his hand, he walked towards the door. But, before he could reach it, it opened, and the figure of a girl in a print dress entered. He did not recognize her for a moment—he was standing between her and the light—then, when he saw who it was, the cup fell from his hand.

"Nora!" he exclaimed, thrown completely off his guard.

She stood, white as a sheet, with purple rings under her lovely eyes, which were fixed on him with an expression of sad pleading for forgiveness, of anguished self-reproach.

"Nora!" he cried again.

Senley Tyers looked round and sprang to his feet with an exclamation. His voice roused Vane to a sense of the situation, to its peril.

"What—what are your doing?" he asked her in a quick, anxious whisper.

She looked beyond him at the motionless figure and sallow face, and her lips parted.

"He knows!" she breathed in despairful accents.

He swung round, shielding her, so to speak, from Senley Tyers.

"He knows?" he echoed dully. "What do you mean? How should he know?" Then he paused, reading the truth in Senley Tyers' eyes, which watched them both with a mixture of fear and alertness. "You do know?" His voice grew stern, almost fierce. "How did you discover it—when? Why don't you speak, man!"

Senley Tyers made a deprecatory gesture with his white hand.

"Yes, I know," he said in a low voice. "I discovered her secret—your secret—some time ago, in London. Why are you angry with me?"

Vane stood looking from one to the other. Perhaps, until that moment—as Nora stood in her proper garb—he had not fully realised all the significance, the danger of her position.

"And—and you told her that you knew when you came this evening?" he asked.

Senley Tyers inclined his head.

"Miss Trevanion"—the "Miss Trevanion" made Vane start—"discovered the truth, discovered my knowledge, by a chance word of mine," he said, lifting his eyes to Nora's face to see if she would contradict the lie.

She did not speak, and he drew an inaudible breath of relief.

Vane stretched out his hand and took hers hanging limply beside her.

"Well!" he said, with a deep sigh and his short laugh. "It doesn't matter! No one else but you knows, I suppose, Sen?"

"No," he said gravely, "not yet."

"Not yet? What the devil do you mean? Why should they know? We won't go back to London. Look here, Sen——" he broke off. He was confused, overwhelmed by this blow that had been dealt them, but through the haze of his feelings, his desire to shield and protect her shone clearly enough. "Look here, Sen; whatever you may know or think, I want you to believe this. I know you will believe it when I tell you that——" his words came more slowly, and his voice grew sterner. "No blame whatever—whatever, do you hear?—attaches to Miss Trevanion. It was all my fault—all, you understand?"

Senley Tyers bowed his head.

"I quite understand," he said solemnly.

"Just so!" said Vane, drawing a long breath. "I knew you would. You are a gentleman, Sen, and no gentleman who knew Miss Trevanion, who had once looked upon her face, and heard her speak, would—would——"

"Would doubt her innocence, would cease to regard her with the deepest respect," finished Senley Tyers with bowed head, as if he were in the presence of royalty.

"Exactly," said Vane, still sternly. "If I thought you—or any other man—dared to think otherwise, I would——" his glance fell upon the gun, "I'd send him to Kingdom Come!"

Senley Tyers repeated the deprecatory gesture.

"There is no occasion to threaten me, my dear Vane," he said. "I tell you I quite understand. Miss Trevanion is free from all blame in my mind. All I have to do is to efface myself as quickly as possible."

He looked round for his cap and ulster.

"Stop—wait," said Vane, putting his hand to his forehead. "There is no need for you to go. You must stop and—and help us. Don't tremble, Nora." His hand pressed hers, his glance rested on her downcast face with tenderest concern. "It is all right. Sen is my closest friend; we can trust in him. He will help us out of this scrape. For God's sake don't tremble, so, dear girl!"

She put out her free hand and clasped the back of a chair. His words, the tender glance shook her to the core. She could have been strong to suffer but for them.

"You do me but justice," said Senley Tyers. He was calm, cool, calculating now. For him a critical hour had arrived. A false step would ruin his chances of success. His hand wandered unconsciously to the pocket in which Lady Florence's promise lay. "I will help you if I can. You say, and I believe rightly, that I am the only one who knows the—the truth; but how long shall I be the only one? What will you do when others discover it?"

"Let me go!" she breathed.

"Hush, dear," he said, and who shall describe the tender compassion in his deep voice? Her head sank lower.

"How long do you think you can deceive the rest of the world?" went on Senley Tyers. Then he stooped and looked towards the door. "By heaven," he exclaimed quickly and in a warning tone, "someone—the woman—is coming!"

Vane sprang towards the door; Nora shrank back against the wall, her hands pressed against her heaving bosom, her face white and full of dread. Vane held the handle of the door and looked from her to Senley Tyers, his face working.

"What shall I do?" he whispered huskily.

Senley Tyers appeared to consider for a moment.

"It is of no use trying to shut her out," he said in a corresponding whisper. "Let her come in. You—you must trust her."

The door opened and Mrs. Burns entered.

"Will you have some hot water now, sir?" she began, then stopped at sight of Nora, and uttered the usual cry of astonishment. "Bless us and save us all!" she exclaimed. "Who—who's this?"

Vane's hand slid down Nora's arm to her hand and gripped it.

"You are surprised at—at this lady's presence, at—at—her dress, Mrs. Burns?" he said smiling, but eyeing her sternly as if he dared her to show the least sign of disrespect. "But you recognise her, I have no doubt?"

The woman stared at the white, lovely face.

"Why, why, if it isn't Mr. Ernest, and in my girl's dress!" she said with a flickering laugh. A shrill, excited "Oh!" came from the daughter outside the door.

Nora covered his eyes with her hands and Vane frowned.

"It is 'Mr. Ernest' as you have learned to call this lady," he said. "But she is a lady, do you understand, Mrs. Burns? She is my wife."

Mrs. Burns uttered a cry of amazement, Senley Tyers started slightly, Vane looked from one to the other with fierce assertion. "She is my wife. You are, are you not, Nora dear?" In a quick, stern whisper he breathed in her ear: "Say 'yes.'"

She looked up with the wild look of a stag driven to bay; her hands closed on his spasmodically, her lips trembled and the word he demanded—the 'yes,' fell from them.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PEACE.

BY J. J. H. B.

The wandering winds are silent on the sea,
That sleeps in sunlight, smiling in its sleep:
No wavelet stirs the bosom of the Deep:
No cloudlet mars the blue immensity;
And yet anon the storm will hither haste,
And lash to wrath with mighty arm the main,
And dash the azure black with wintry rain,
And wildly rave across the watery waste.
There is no staying peace in outward things,
Yet through them ever moves the moulding Will,
From silence into silence touching still
The lyre of Nature with its twanging strings,
Thou art a part of the eternal whole:
Live thou true life in restfulness of soul.

The Serpent's Chest.

BY A. P. A.

CHAPTER III—(CONTINUED.)

I MURMURED an expression of disgust, and we continued our promenade for some time in silence, pacing rapidly to and fro through the semi-solid air, with ears on the constant alert. Once Travison motioned me to caution, and proceeded to dodge some one round the after wheelhouse; the said some one also dodging him.

There was a rush, a grapple, and some strong language. The man was one of our own sailors. Twice we stopped and critically examined parties of the Brazilian people who were returning from a shore carouse, on one occasion, nearly getting up a fight; and half a dozen times did suspicious wanderers on the wharf render our highly-strung nerves still more tense. One never knew what to expect next, and the suspense kept one in a constant tremble of uncertainty.

I began to share Travison's unhealthy excitement, and gave up all thoughts of bed for the present. I could vividly picture Burgoyne creeping on board under cover of the darkness in forty different disguises, and by forty different routes; and a vague *foreboding seemed to tell* me that he was somewhere in the neighborhood. I mentioned this last feeling to Travison, who admitted that it coincided with his own thoughts.

"Burgoyne is within a cable's length of us, of that I am sure," he said. "I can't give you any reason or proof; I can't give myself any; but I am absolutely convinced of the truth of what I say. You may call it 'second sight' if you like. Perhaps it's a slight disorder of the brain. I owe to you that I am not myself. I never knew I possessed what are commonly called 'nerves' before; but they have come to the surface within the last day or two, and only to go utterly to smash, and let me tremble at a sound like the veriest coward. I'm not a gambler, you see, and I'm staking every penny I have in the world—savings from the best part of twenty years' hard, dangerous work. Burgoyne is a gambler professed. He is playing for, what is to him, a comparatively smaller sum; and he will be as cool over his moves as an iceberg. He has won the first point already. Thinking that all was fair in a fight of this kind—though I had a tough argument with myself first—I employed a private detective to shadow him; and as the fellow was supposed to be one of the 'cutest men of his trade in New York City, I thought there was little fear as to the result, especially as he had leave to get an assistant if he wanted one. But he was diddled by the simplest plan imaginable. Operations commenced on Thursday night. Burgoyne did this, that and the other, in his usual way, went to bed, got up late next morning, walked into down town Delmonico's and there gave my man the slip. He'd marched straight through, and gone coolly out at the other door."

"I saw him after that, you must remember."

"I know you did, and so doubtless have twenty other people. But up to eleven o'clock last night, the detective had not managed to hit off the trail again. He came here himself and told me; but I couldn't give him any useful instructions."

Once more we relapsed into silence. Day was beginning to break, and as the cold, gray light filtered through the yellow fog, so did the difficulty of seeing about the decks diminish. The muffled figures of the four watching sailors began to loom through the haze in blurred outline, and now and again we would notice a white feathery spiral of steam escaping from the slumbering winches.

The air cleared more and more as the sun rose; and as it moved higher up, the mists disappeared completely. I pressed Travison, who was looking terribly haggard and worn out, to go below and snatch a rest, saying that I would keep careful ward in his absence. But he refused, and would not even sit down.

Presently, a dockyard official—a man in blue, with many brass mountings—turned up. The dock authorities had, it seemed, made special terms with their men to complete the "Elsinore's" lading, and soon the steam winches were rattling away again, and the holds were once more alive with scurrying stevedores.

All went as merrily as could be till half-past ten, when a mandate arrived from the labor tyrants; and the dockmen, with visible regret, trooped off and left us to ourselves again.

But we were not in lonely security for long. Hardly had the last of the dockers cleared out of the sheds than a howling mob of a different class pervaded them. A Methodist New Connexion minister had, as I have said, taken passage on the "Elsinore" for a starring tour in England, and his congregation had come, apparently en masse, to see him off.

He was a tall, handsome man of eight-and-thirty, and the lady with him proved to be his mother, and not his wife, as the shipping-clerk had given me to understand. And, perhaps, the personal advantages of good looks and bachelorhood added greatly in some eyes to the weight of this dissenting minister's spiritual attainments, for the larger part of his admiring attendants were women.

This was a distinct annoyance from one point of view. The chief officer would have been fully prepared to forcibly refuse a mob of men permission to invade the deck, but he could not, after moral suasion had failed, resort to force against a phalanx of Amazons.

The Captain, too, who arrived at this juncture, made things easier for the crowd by saying good-naturedly, "Oh, let 'em come, there's no one for 'em to hinder;" and in five minutes the seething mass of men and women had filled the decks, and were running riot all over the ship like a colony of rabbits.

We watched the gangways as well as we were able, scanning every male face with the most careful scrutiny. But a party of the more enterprising ones executed a flank movement, and, getting on another steamer that lay astern of us, crossed from her to the Brazilian, and boarded us on the port side before we knew what was happening.

Even supposing Burgoyne had not passed either Travison or myself, as he very well might have done in a good disguise, there was nothing to prevent his slipping on board with this last batch. But though our defences had been overrun in the rear, we still maintained our vigil, in spite of my proposal to throw it up as useless.

"You do as you like, of course," said Travison. "I am greatly indebted to you for staying so long, and if you want to turn in now, do so. Williams has got number eighteen ready for you. But I shall stay. This strange feeling that Burgoyne is near at hand has never left me."

"If you think it worth while to stay, so do I; though the sense of Burgoyne's presence passed away from my mind when the fog went. But what does this new power you seem to have developed show? I mean how far does it range? Does it assure you that Burgoyne is still off the ship? Or does it go still further, and comfort you with the certain knowledge that he is just imbibing his fourth cocktail at some swell Broadway bar, and bragging that he has never been beaten before?"

"No, worse luck. It merely tells me this. If a circle of two hundred yards radius were drawn, with myself as centre, Burgoyne would be somewhere or other within the periphery."

"Pooh! Simply imagination. You are tough as steel wire, old man, I grant, and you sailors are used to keeping your eyes open for long periods at a stretch; but a vigil as lengthy and wearisome as this has upset your nerves just as it would one of us landsmen. Now look here, lie down for an hour or so on that sofa in the deck cabin. You'll be ill if you don't, and I'll promise to call you at the least suspicion of Burgoyne in the neighborhood."

"I may get ill, but I shall not desert my post. And," he went on, testily, "don't keep harping on this 'second sight,' as you term it, being merely a trick of the imagination. I tell you it is nothing of the sort. It is a power that has just been developed in me, and it is so new and curious, that I do not know how to work it to advantage. If I had had the gift a month ago, and developed its resources, I should be able to spot the exact place where Burgoyne is now."

"If you had had anything of the kind a month ago, you would have sworn off whisky, and got the doctor to give you a dosing," said I, rather unwisely.

"I hardly ever touch whisky, Henderson, and you know it," he rejoined, angrily. "And I must ask you to leave me if you can't let this subject alone."

He spoke with great irritableness—who would not have done so, after so trying a time?—and so wishing to avoid a quarrel, I strolled aft to where the dissenting minister was addressing his flock from the top of a saloon skylight.

The man was a fine orator, and although the gist of his remarks might possibly have rubbed against my grain, I should perhaps have listened to him for a time, had not a figure amongst the audience arrested my curious attention. It was that of a man with such a pronounced stoop of the shoulders, that it was evidently an exaggerated one.

He was wrapped in a long, dark ulster that reached to his heels, and wore a soft felt hat well down on his forehead. He was tall and broad—just Burgoyne's build; and when he attracted my notice, he was edging gently out of the crowd.

His shining black eyes caught my glance—Burgoyne's eyes were black—and he immediately clapped a hand across the lower part of his face, and walked quickly to the companion. His movements were distinctly suspicious; and so, after waiting a moment or so, I followed him into the saloon.

My man had disappeared completely; run to earth in one of the cabins, perhaps; and the only person visible was a clerically-dressed individual, who was writing at the end table.

That could scarcely be the same, but, to make sure, I spoke to him, asking if he had seen a tall, dark man enter the saloon a minute or two before.

He turned round to me, showing a pasty face half-covered with short, red, bristly hair, and a pair of squinting eyes hidden, as though they were rare exotics, under glass. His dress was black and seedy; his voice might be described as gratuitously sanctimonious. He was certainly not the man I was looking for, and I was sorry in a moment for giving him the chance of rubbing up an acquaintanceship.

"M'yes, me friend," he said, "I saw the good gentleman of whom you mention. I took it that he was a passenger like unto meself, who had fled here out of earshot of the lamentable schisms that are being preached by you che-ild of wrath on deck. You too, I see, have sought refuge lest the accursed heresies should defile your hearing. I trust, me friend, that I see in you a fellow-passenger who belongs to the ter-ue fold?"

He laid down his pen, and was evidently hoping for a prolonged discussion. But I was in no mood for that kind of polemics just then, and, saying politely that I hoped our creeds were the same—though inwardly I did not think it at all likely that they were—asked which way the tall dark man had gone.

"He went, me friend, down that passage, yonder; and if, as I suppose, he is a friend of yours, I ter-ust you will present him to me, in order that we may cudgel out together the great question that presses upon us."

I said I would see about it, and went down the passage-way with the full intention of never speaking to the squint-eyed man again. But, search and question how I would, the tall dark stranger was nowhere to be found.

Williams had not seen him, none of the other stewards had seen him, and the purser said no such person had taken a passage. And so, convinced that he had not returned to deck again, I began to surmise that the mysterious person was no other than Burgoyne. Going to Travison, I communicated my suspicions.

"Perhaps you are right," he said; "but, as you did not see his face, on the other hand you may be mistaken altogether. It is possibly some innocent man you were shadowing, who has gained the deck again further forward. Yes, of course, it did look fishy for him to hide his face, and I grant you if he came up the ladder by the hatch there, I should most probably have spotted him. But whether it is our man or not, I don't think it is any use your searching now. You would pass over three parts of the hiding-places, and I think I had better keep on the look-out here till we get clear away. Of course, when we are well at sea, I shall hunt through the steamer thoroughly."

CHAPTER IV.

SLOWLY that weary, weary day dragged itself through, and our incessant watch over the avenues of approach came to a close. The Methodist New Connexion minister's flock had for the most part dwindled away.

The majority of the men had solaced themselves rather too extensively with cocktails and care-destroyers, and a cold drizzle of rain had damped the ardor of the women, via their finery.

The last consignments of fresh victuals had been stowed in the ice-chamber; the canvas post-office bags were all locked away in the mail-room. The doctor had long since finished his inspection of the steerage passengers; all was ready for leaving port.

About 11.30 P. M., a fussy, apoplectic little tug ploughed up to us across the dirty, oily surface of the dock. Steel hawsers were cast off from the bollards on the wharf, hauled on board, and coiled snugly away; the "Elsinore's" head was canted to port by the tow-rope, and the Captain on the bridge turned his engine-room telegraph to "Stand-by ahead!"

The Methodist New Connexion minister was waving last handkerchief-farewells to the knot of devoted women, who bravely held their ground to see the last of him; but, with the exception of a few from the steerage, all the other passengers were snugly below. The hour was too late, and the night too wet for them.

With slow, elephantine care, the ponderous steamer floated down the dock, now with her powerful engines standing-by ahead, now astern, and even and anon receiving a helping hand from the panting little tug, which seemed at times well-nigh overcome by her straining exertions.

We halted for a few seconds in the open lock, and half a dozen of those blue-clad, brass-buttoned gentry, whom one always associates with an ocean-goer in harbor, took advange of the last opportunity of an early return to their hearts and homes. There was a small crowd assembled to see us through—why, Heaven knows, unless they had friends on board—and just as we began to gain way again, a couple of men rushed on board with a frenzied scramble. They were "pier-head jumpers"—belated stokers, both of them—who had been lingering in the whiskey palaces till the last moment.

But neither was Burgoyne.

Slowly still, but with majestic ease, we passed out from the stone barriers and soon quickening up to half-speed, glided gently down the placid waters of the Hudson.

Excepting that of Rio, New York Harbor is perhaps the finest in the world, and I have never tired of gazing at its beauties; but now, darkness and drizzle had blotted the scene completely, and the pilot was taking us through by instinct, and the bearings of an occasional light that glimmered through the haze.

Travison stayed to see this professor of domestic navigation into his boat at the Hook, so as to guard against Burgoyne's joining us even at that remote stage. But as in my mind there was little need for him, and none at all for me, to witness this ceremony, I just went below to number eighteen, and turned in.

The sheets were clammy, as steamers' sheets always are; the blankets were thin and threadbare, as steamers' blankets are invariably wont to be; the mattresses was like unto a badly-cobbled pavement, as steamers' mattresses have a way of being; but deadly tiredness triumphed over these trifles, and I was asleep in one turn over.

After a thirty-eight hours' tedious vigil, one takes little count of the hours that are being dedicated to sleep. I have since had reasons to believe that the short hand of the saloon clock make a complete revolution between the moment of my turning in and the time when the knobbly-headed steward entered number eighteen with a suggestion that I had better turn out again.

But just then I fancied that my head had not been the pillow three minutes. And so, although dimly conscious of the bustling one's presence, I deemed him but a creature of the imagination, and kept my eyes closed in expectation of some fantastic dream romance.

I heard him rattle about the cabin, which being fitted in the usual style of backwoods luxury, did not take long to put straight; and then I heard him speak. He said something about breakfast, which my dozing brain elaborated into a lengthy harangue about the passengers, the crew

the officers, and the ship which bore them; he added a word or two about the lateness of the hour, which my mind spread into a lengthy dissertation on chronographs and chronometers; he made some polite query about the state of my health, which naturally suggested scientific diagnoses of endless length and complication; and then in the course of other communications he jerked out the word "stowaway," and my eyes opened with a snap. A bucket of sea-water could not have awakened me more thoroughly.

"What was that about Mr. Burgoyne?"

Williams stared, rubbed his knobbly head with a lean, red hand in some perplexity, and enquired whether I would like a brandy and seltzer—or should he go to the doctor for a pick-me-up?

He knew me too well to suspect sea-sickness, and evidently in his thoughts maligned my character by supposing that I had made a wet time of it at the leave-taking over night.

"What were you saying just now?" I demanded.

"Honly that they was a' 'avin' break-fas', sir. The Capt'n 'eard you singing out just now, an' sent me in to see what's along."

"Yes; but you said something about a stowaway. Is it Mr. Burgoyne?"

"Ay, Burgoyne was the name you was a-shouting out, sir, when I comed in. No, I don't know whether that's 'is name. I ain't seed 'im, sir. It's only one o' the deck-'ands as passed the word just now that they'd nabbed a chap stowed away in the starb'rd coal-bunker. I unpacked yer portmantle, sir, an' put the things in the lower berth——"

"Does Mr. Travison know about this stowaway?"

"Lawd, no, sir. It's the third hofficer's watch. Mr. Travison's snoring away like a new-born hinfant. 'E won't be on deck again——"

"Cut along to his cabin and tell him immediately, and say I'll be round as soon as I've tumbled into some clothes."

"Werry good, sir," said Williams, dropping his chat when he saw there was something in the wind. "Nothink helse you require?"

"No, nothing. Go along." And Williams went. I slipped a coat and breeches over my pyjamas, shuffled into some slippers, and sped off to the chief officer's cabin. But he had left it already. Up I went on deck. No Travison was in sight, but Quartermaster Marline, with a stare at my excitement, told me he was forward of the funnel.

Yes, there he was, dressed with sailor's quickness, though in deshabille like myself, and coming towards me. Behind him were two seamen, with a ragged coal-grimed wretch between them. A glance at the latter rendered Travison's "not our man" superfluous, and with a sigh we both went below again to resume our toilette operations.

"If that poor fool's brains were clever enough to smuggle him on board," said the chief officer as we parted at the bottom of the companion, "there is little fear of a clever fellow like Burgoyne being left behind. I knew it. That 'second-sight' you jeered at tells me that he is still close at hand. However, he hasn't won his money yet. I'm on duty again directly; but I shall be in the afternoon, and we will make a thorough search of the ship then."

CHAPTER V.

OF my fellow-passengers, Staynes, the Methodist New Connexion minister, turned out to be a very decent man indeed. He was well-informed, affable, and witty; and he grew extremely popular with the rest of the saloon's occupants.

His mother, a white-haired old lady, was silent and harmless. The boy was a nonentity. But the other brother—or cousin, I should say?—of the cloth, was a very different stamp of man.

Within twenty-four hours he had raised a barrier between himself and every one else on board. He commenced by attempting to patronise us, and finding that resented viewed us as pariahs. What his particular cult was no one discovered, and he did not explain.

He confined himself to groaning and calling us goats; the which is not a lucid description of a preacher's creed. He also made a point of keeping as much of the saloon table as possible between himself and his nearest neighbor; a proceeding which pleased all parties.

But when Travison said to me, "I'm going to search the ship now," and I chanced to look towards the glass over the writing-table at which this peculiar person was sitting, there was mirrored there a sight which startled me.

The squint-eyed man was squint-eyed no longer. His eyes were as straight as mine; and they were black—black like Burgoyne's. Moreover, he was looking at my reflection with a broad grin that was by no means the sickly, sanctimonious simper that he put on before an audience.

In a quick whisper I called the chief officer's attention to this phenomenon; but when he looked, the squint-eyed man's face had resumed its normal conditions.

"Pooh," he said, "the leopard cannot change his spots. You must have been mistaken."

I thought otherwise. But as the eyes were converging once more, and, as the mouth had resumed its old expression of pseudo-sanctity, the proofs of my assertion were gone. So I said, "Ah, perhaps so," and followed Travison to the engine-room, intending to keep a sharp watch on that squint-eyed man for the future.

Amongst the moving labyrinth of polished metal that drove the "Elsinore" along her track, we did not spend much time. No one could secrete himself there. But away down in the glowing, swaying cavern beneath the water-line, in that place of scorching heat and icy draught, in the huge laboratory where breath was made for the pulsing engines above, we made extended search and enquiry.

Never had I been in a stoke-hole before; devoutly do I hope it may never be my fate to go there again. The place is a very inferno. We were not steaming under forced draught, and the hatches and ventilator were open above; but the air was dreadfully oppressive.

The blaze from the furnace doors as they were opened, weirdly lighted up the perspiring half-naked forms of the men who were throwing coals into the greedy maws, and threw strange fantastic shadows on to the dusty air beyond. Reeking slush-lamps gleamed on swart, sweating coal-trimmers bringing fuel from the vast store away in the darkness.

The roar of the flames, the clatter of iron implements, the crash of falling coal, the hoarse shouts of men, made din indescribable. And what with that, and the odor of humanity, bilge-water, and oil, mixed with the all-prevading coal-dust, I began heartily to wish myself on deck again.

Presently, with a grimy stoker as a guide, we began a climb over crumbling mountains of black stones, penetrating every corner of the bunkers, and begrimming ourselves to the eyes. Next, scrambling down again, we descended to a passage beneath the nethermost hold through which the shaft ran, and explored that, and closely question the greaser on duty. Then, after narrowly inspecting the steerage and intermediate quarters, bread-room, pantries, ice-chamber, and a host of other places, we came to that sailor's drawing-room, the forecastle.

A double tier of bunks ran round the sides, and a few hammocks swung from the deck-beams, some tenanted, most empty. Sea chests, gunny-bags, and divers other types of marine portmanteaux, lay about in orderly confusion. Some suits of oilskins hung like grotesque suicides from eyebolts overhead. Here and there in the dim daylight we could see half-clad sailors sitting about, smoking, mending their clothes, doing nothing. The buzz of conversation which rose hoarsely above the constant hammering of the seas on the iron plates without, ceased when the chief officer's form was seen descending the ladder, and a squat old Scots quartermaster, with a face like a moist walnut-shell, scrambled to his feet to see what was wanted.

"Stowaway doon heer?" He grinned at the absurdity of such a notion. "Ye might as weel speir for an iceberg, sir. Ay, sairch an' welcome; but ye'll find naught. Sailor-folk 'ad liefer harbor fleas than sic creepin' cattle amang them."

Travison had a good look round, and then rejoined me at the foot of the ladder.

"Look here," he said, "would any of you lads like to earn a hundred sovereigns for saying three words?"

There was an amazed stare from every man to his neighbor; and one of them, a German, whipping a sheath-knife from his belt, held it out, as much as to say, "were the words anything in that line?"

"I have reason to suppose," the chief officer went on, "that we have still got a man stowed away on board who has no business here. Some of you know him. He has crossed in the 'Elsinore' before—Mr. Burgoyne. Now he has no right here. But setting aside that part of the question for a moment, I am heavily interested in him on a personal score, so I will offer a hundred pounds to the first man who brings me news of his whereabouts."

There were some joyful exclamation at this, and several men jumped to their feet as if to commence an immediate search. But Travison motioned them to silence.

"Wait a minute," said he. "This Mr. Burgoyne is a rich man. He will very likely offer twice that amount if his finder will help to keep him hidden till after we have cleared Queenstown. So I'll put another offer on top of the last. When Mr. Burgoyne is found, I will distribute five hundred pounds amongst the rest of the crew. So the man who plays into Mr. Burgoyne's hands had better look out for squalls when his mates hear about it."

The men gave a rumbling cheer of satisfaction, and then commenced hurling sea-blessings on the head of "any swab who dared bear a hand to keep that skulker under hatches a bell after he was sighted."

We went on deck again, and I congratulated Travison on his move.

"He may have bought over two or three of the crew," I said, "or maybe even half-a-dozen. But he can't have tampered with the whole lot. Depend upon it, if Mr. Burgoyne is on board, he will be hunted out of his hole before dinner to-night."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

REMINISCENCES OF DUELING IN FRANCE.—M. de Girardin, the father of the statesman and author, M. Emile de Girardin, on one occasion entered a place where several men were firing at a target. A gentleman present, whom M. de Girardin did not know, hit the bull's-eye at every shot. Several bystanders expressed themselves admiringly with respect to the gentleman's precision.

"Yes," said De Girardin, "he shoots remarkably well; but to hit a man in a duel is quite a different thing from hitting a bit of pasteboard. The most skilful marksman, who could hit a coin at twenty-five paces, might easily miss a man at the same distance."

The marksman overheard the remark, and was offended.

"I think you are mistaken, sir," he said to De Girardin. "I assure you that if I had you before me I shouldn't miss you."

"You can have me when you like," said De Girardin.

"Let it be immediately, then," said the other—"at once!"

An attempt was made to patch the matter up, but neither man would agree to an amicable settlement. The seconds were chosen, and the men went to a locality favorable for a duel. It was decided that the men should fire separately, and it was left to a decision by lot which should fire first. The lot fell to the mysterious marksman. He fired at M. de Girardin, and missed him. De Girardin stood still, making no sign as if to fire at his antagonist.

"Come—why don't you shoot?" asked his seconds.

"Why should I shoot?" asked De Girardin. "There is no reason why I should kill this gentleman. I maintained that even a crack shot could easily miss his man at twenty-five paces. The gentleman maintained the contrary. He must now be convinced that he is wrong. I owe him no ill-feeling for having discovered that."

HOUSEWORK AS AN EXERCISE.—To keep girls' complexions and spirits good, to preserve grace, strength, and agility of motion, there is no gymnasium so valuable, no exercise more beneficent in result than sweeping, dusting, making beds, washing dishes, and the polishing of brass and silver. One year of such muscular effort within doors, together with regular exercise in the open air, will do more for a girl's complexion than all the lotions and pomades that were ever invented. Perhaps the reason why housework does so much more for women than games is the fact that the exercise which is immediately produced cheers the spirit. It gives women courage to go on living, and makes things seem really worth undertaking.

"THE Bachelors' Ready Marriage Club" is an organization now in process of formation in New York. Each member pays $2 a week into the treasury. Suppose that at the end of five weeks one of the fifty members wants to marry. He draws out $350 and indulges in a bride, furnished flat and a short honeymoon.

TWO OR THREE COLDS in succession, will often establish the seed of Consumption in the system, converting what was originally a simple, curable affection, into one generally fatal. While ordinary prudence, therefore, makes it the business of every one to take care of a Cold until it is got rid of, intelligent experience presents a remedy in Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, thoroughly adapted to remove speedily all Coughs and Colds, and equally effective in the primary stages of Consumption, Asthma, and Bronchitis.

Scientific and Useful.

CAMPHOR.—Camphor-oil is obtained by allowing the crude camphor to remain packed loosely over a wire grating, so that the oil may drain out.

BROWN PAPER.—A brown paper lining will make an ordinary coat as serviceable as a top coat; and an under waistcoat of the same material is equal to a flannel shirt.

OILCLOTH.—Oilcloth cannot be saved from cracking when exposed to the sun. Any desired color in ground paint mixed with boiled linseed-oil will renew the surface when worn or cracked.

IMPURE WATER.—Many diseases are traced directly to impure water, and it has been recommended by physicians who have made a study of cholera in all its forms that in view of an epidemic of the dread disease this summer all the water used, even for bathing purposes, be boiled.

ON GLASS.—An ink for writing upon glass or procelain is made by dissolving ten parts of bleached shellac and five parts Venetian turpentine in fifteen parts of oil of turpentine, by immersing the containing vessel in warm water. After solution is effected, five parts of lamp black are incorporated.

FLEAS.—A correspondent who has been studying the subject of getting rid of fleas gives this as the result of his investigation: "If those who are troubled with this insect will place the common adhesive fly-paper on the floors of the rooms infested, with a small piece of meat in the centre of each sheet, they will find the fleas will jump toward the meat and adhere to the paper. I completely rid a badly-infested house in two nights by this means."

RED LEAD.—Red lead is an important pigment now, and promises to be more so. Architects and engineers, and all interested in structural iron-work, have almost unanimously decided that pure lead is the proper first coat for iron, and it is now being generally specified. It is the very best known preservative that can be applied in the shape of paint. Red lead will saponify oil very quickly, and therefore it must be freshly prepared for use. Many mix the dry lead with oil as they use it, but this is not satisfactory; nor will the small hand-mill of the shop grind it satisfactorily, though it is better to run it through such a mill than not to grind it at all. Engineers almost unanimously insist on the use of the pure article.

Farm and Garden.

A SCRAP BOOK.—While a scrap book is recognised as a great convenience, a book in which to record recipes and formulas is decidedly profitable. The time in searching through the notion box is saved and consequent vexation avoided.

TIRES.—Broad tires act as rollers. Narrow tires cut the road into ditches. The advocates of wide tires for heavy loads upon our country roads claim that teams can draw from 25 to 50 per cent. more load than when narrow tires are used.

WORK.—No man should own a work horse unless he is willing and able to furnish it shelter against cold winds and rain. If nothing better than straw-covered sheds can be afforded, they are better than nothing, and really serviceable as long as they last.

HORSES.—The most valuable horse to a user of horses is the one that will do him the greatest amount of work at the least expense. Such a horse may be a diminutive pony, a speedy trotter, a general purpose horse or a ponderous draft horse, all depending upon the requirements of the owner.

BREEDING.—Good breeding and early maturity, says a writer, are recognized as the highways toward profit with stock. The good breeding helps somewhat toward the other, but early maturity is mainly a matter of the proper feeding of the young stock. Early maturing is simply impossible if the animals are stinted while they are forming bones and muscle.

HARNESS.—How much a horse may suffer from a harness that does not fit, or which is rough and painful to the animal, may be unknown, but one of the first duties on taking a horse out for work should be to examine the harness, and also to carefully look for sores or galls also. The harness should be kept clean, and well oiled, in order to have every part soft, smooth and pliable.

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LUCAS COUNTY }

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

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Of Fashion.

Of all the abstract entities that govern our lives, none has been more abused and courted than fashion. Impatient people have written about it in a tone of irritated despair. "Fantastic and frivolous, feared and followed," said one, "morals and violence assault it in vain."

But, no matter how we excite ourselves, we may be perfectly satisfied that fashion will go on unchecked, and all that we can do is to turn it into other channels, though that is an achievement that few have ever managed. So it is perhaps more profitable to consider the subject as unalterable—"for ever changing, yet the same for ever." Fashions change as the water which makes the stream changes, but the stream remains.

The particular thing in vogue is not to-day that which was popular yesterday, but the mode of taking up and laying down is the same. The rules of the game are constant, though its incidents vary. Looking at the subject without prejudice and with no tendency to indignation at the odd follies which fashion sometimes fosters, we may stumble upon some instructive observations. Those who run tilts against fashion usually end in making themselves ridiculous; so we will act the part of unbiased spectators.

On the first mention, fashion usually brings dress to mind, for dress is an outward and a palpable sign of a popular tendency to run from groove to groove which cannot very well be overlooked. Our thoughts turn at once to Carlyle's sarcastic description of the dandy as "a clothes-wearing man whose trade, office, and existence consist in the wearing of clothes. Every fault of his soul, spirit, purse and person is heroically consecrated to this one object—the wearing of clothes wisely and well."

From that height of fashion we run down in fancy to the poor girl who buys the newest-colored ribbon for her hat, if her purse will carry her no farther into the fashion. Everywhere dress obtrudes itself as an illustration. But manners too are equally, though less obtrusively, a branch of fashion.

It may be urged against fashions in dress that they are devices for creating expense, and that thousands bring themselves to beggary by pursuing the thought that they may hide their deficiencies under the common cloak of present-day finery; but, though this charge is true and though fashion fosters the luxury which is the curse of modern society and its most terrible menace, a good deal may be said for the establishment of customs that are widely followed without inquiry.

Fashion is society's safeguard against the offensiveness of the individual. If it is some bar to freedom of intercourse that, when Nokes and Stokes meet, they must be properly "introduced," and Nokes must address Stokes in terms that are to some extent stereotyped, while the early exchanges of talk between the two must be stiff and uncomfortable, it must be remembered that the formalities are, on the whole, civil and useful, and that it is much better that there should be some restraint than that every man should talk to whom he likes, when he likes and how he likes.

There are multitudes of people who would be all the better for a little knowledge of etiquette—the form of fashionable intercourse that has been slowly evolved so as to protect society from those who might be offensive without instructions and restraint. It is the same with dress.

The number of people who contrive to make themselves look queer now that they have fashions to guide them is so large that one cannot but stand aghast at the thought of the effects that would be produced if each one of us followed his or her individual judgment and designed a costume for personal use. What should we look like if we had no fashions? We cannot contemplate the prospect. Fashion is born of our appreciation of the wisdom of leaning on others for suggestions. It is in some sort an expression of the common taste, as proverbs are an expression of the common wisdom. It plays many pranks and often angers us by its waywardness; it is seldom wholly admirable; and yet we should do ill without it. If it rather straitens our movement, it also keeps us within bounds.

Since we cannot escape fashion-following in some form, how can we follow it wisely? In dress, without being a slave to every new-fangled garment, so that "the fashion wears out more apparel than the man," it is necessary for those who would move about unobserved, and so live their own life without interference, that some regard should be paid to the changes of style that are constantly being introduced.

In manners the observance of the usual is even more imperative, for, on the whole, the manners of really good society cannot be equalled by any system that the man of independence may adopt. Human intercourse has been relieved from strain and made easy and delightful by centuries of polite study, and little improvement remains to be made. It is against the fashions in admiration that we all need to be most clearly warned.

A new novelist produces a book, which friends conspire to praise in the press; it begins to have a run at the circulating library; it becomes a subject of conversation between people who scour the whole world in the hope of interesting each other.

Society becomes inoculated with two opinions. One is held by those who follow the lead and praise; the other is advanced by the few who know that sometimes distinction and often good fun come to those who are in opposition. But an opinion that is of value can rarely be arrived at by following any fashion in admiration.

What the world stands in need of, and what society prefers, is that each of us should form the best opinion possible about any object of admiration, so that, when the opinion is expressed, the speaker may feel that, though the opinion may be a poor thing, it is his own. That is the only way of forming a public opinion that is valuable and will be appreciated by the man who gains wide praise.

We have had no strong words to use about fashion, for, on the whole, the tendency of late years has been towards reasonableness and moderation. It is not now as it was in the days of crinolines, when there was only one course open, and that was to try to slay the monster that had got into favor.

Now hygienic considerations have reached the notice even of those who make clothes, and there is not much harm done by mild concessions to fashion so long as the expense is reasonable. But the words of the shrewd Frenchmen still deserve a hearing from all of us, as a summary of the worldly wisdom that should govern our action in matters of dress—"Be neither early in the fashion, nor too long out of it, nor at any time in the extreme of it."

THE subject of money should occupy a more important place in education than it has ever yet had. What are its purposes and how to attain them, what are its responsibilities and how to fulfil them, are more necessary topics of thought and instruction than how and how far to restrain the desire for it. Where the mind is healthfully and actively employed in making money useful and valuable in its highest sense, the best possible limitation to the excessive desire for gain will already be in operation, for then the natural effort will be to acquire just as much as can be well used, and to that, whatever it may be, there can be no rational objection.

YEARS of simple wholesome living are required for a fine complexion; finger exercises and scales must precede good piano-playing; by careful study alone can the mind become well trained; habits of frugality, industry and perseverance are essential for success in business; and, when these conditions have been ignored in youth, the only salvation lies in cutting off embellishments and devoting all one's energies to repairing foundation principles.

No matter what we say or how we say it, our presence, our conduct, our unstudied demeanor, showing us as we are, will speak so much louder than our words that the latter will hardly be heard. "Do as I say, but not as I do," is a futile piece of advice; for it is what we do, think, feel, wish for that will constitute our influence, and, if what we say is different from this, it will fall useless to the ground.

OPPORTUNITIES never come a second time; nor do they bide our leisure. The years come but once to us and swiftfully pass away, bearing the ineffaceable records we have put upon them. If we make them beautiful years, we must do it moment by moment as they glide before us. When the last hours come, it will be too late to revise a line we have written.

IT is possible to meddle too much with our neighbors. If we can do them any good, make life happier or easier or nobler for them than it now is, let us hasten to do it with all simplicity; but compulsion, insistence, coercion, and "management" are only harassing.

"HE has had an ill education," said the elder Brutus, "who has not been taught to deny." A peremptory negative at the right time has saved many multitudes from perdition. A weak assent at the wrong time has been the ruin of millions.

HOPE spiritualizes the earth; hope makes it always new; and even in the earth's best and brightest aspect hope shows it to be only the shadow of an infinite bliss hereafter.

A WISE and kindly silence would often prevent incalculable injury. Especially should we avoid repeating what has been said in the heat of anger or other excitement.

As long as human nature is imperfect, it should be counted an honor, not a shame, to correct mistakes, for thus only is its advancement secured.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

ANNIE.—You may send the poetry on—enclosing stamp for return in case it is declined—and if suitable we will use it.

J. F. M.—Some legendary story is connected with most of the flowers. The pansy is a name taken from the French pensees or "thought."

DUNCE.—To find the cubic contents of a box you must multiply length, breadth, and depth together. We cannot undertake to do sums for you.

O. P.—The largest oil-painting in the world is one by Tintoretto, entitled "Paradise." It is 33½ feet in height and 84 feet in width, and may now be seen in the Doge's Palace, Venice.

MARY K.—The measurements you send are very large; but the largest cut stones in the world are said to be those in the Temple of the Sun at Baalbec, some of which are 60 feet long 20 feet wide, and their depth cannot be ascertained.

ROSALINDE.—"Not dead, but gone before," quotation from Rogers' "Human Life." A similar phrase, "Not lost, but gone before," is from Mathew Henry's "Commentaries." Both took the words from Seneca. "Weep not for him," occurs in N. P. Willis' ode on the "Death of Harrison."

MAT.—Never having made a trip with the clouds, we are unable to say how far they may sometimes travel before they fall in showers, or are dissipated, as those we have seen—like white wool—rising up on a mountain's side. Much depends on the strength of the wind, and the quarter from which it blows.

BRIDE.—Of wedding anniversaries which are celebrated by special names, and made the occasion for giving tokens of friendship and congratulation, no less than twelve are enumerated, but they are so very rarely observed that it is only necessary to enumerate the twenty-fifth, which is "silver," the fiftieth, "golden," and the seventy-fifth, "diamond."

KATHLEEN.—In proposing a health you merely say, "Allow me to propose the health of So-and-So," or, "The toast which I now have the pleasure of proposing, will, I feel sure, meet with the cordial sympathy of all our friends who have met here to celebrate, etc." There are so many ways of proposing a health, we must limit our suggestions to these only.

A. B. C.—We cannot tell you whether the size has ever been surpassed amongst the nuggets discovered since the large piece of gold found in 1872. The weight of this amounted to 640 lbs. It was 4 feet 9 inches long and 3 feet 2 inches wide, and the average thickness 4 inches. It was found in Byer and Haltmann's claim at Hill End, New South Wales.

PAULINE.—It is very naturally to inquire why our ninth month should be called September. But we have taken the old Roman names, and as the year then began in March, the ninth month of our year was their seventh and October, November, and December followed in natural sequence as the eighth, ninth, tenth. Septem is the Latin for seven, octo for eight, novem nine, and decem ten.

TOURIST.—The lakes of Northern Italy are amongst the deepest known in the world. Lake Maggiore is said to be 3000 feet deep, Lake Como 2000, and the Lago di Garda little short of that depth, being computed at 1900 feet. But there are deeper lakes than these elsewhere. Lake Superior, for instance, has its surface 1300 feet above the sea-level, and the bottom sinks to nearly 3000 feet below it. The deepest lake, however, in the world is Lake Baikal, in Siberia, having a depth of between 4000 to 4500 feet.

KNOW.—The cropping of dogs' ears and tails ruins them so far as for a chance of winning a prize as a show. It is very wrong to mutilate them thus. You cannot improve on God's creation. If you want an animal without a tail buy a guinea-pig, a Manx cat, or a bear. If you want stand-up ears do not get a dog or rabbit with pendant ones. You should hire or purchase a book on natural history, and you will learn all about goats and donkeys. Both these animals are much ill-treated; the former should not be made animals of draught. Their feet and natural habits disqualify them for such work.

ANNA B.—You wish to know how to be safe in the house during a thunder storm. The best thing for you is to think quietly of the fact that the danger for each individual is infinitesimally small. Wonderfully few people are killed in houses by lightning. It is when you are out in the open and act as a conductor, or when you shelter under trees, which draw the lightning, that you are in danger. You might live for millions of years before the chance of being killed by lightning in a house would find you out. It is not a question of faith but of knowledge. When a thunder storm passes over your town with its half a million of inhabitants, the probabilities are that one in all that number will be harmed, especially if they remain within doors. Why then should you agitate yourself by supposing that the lightning will single you out of the half million? Your chances of being run over in the street are a thousand times as great. We answer your questions by saying—Close the windows and doors to prevent draughts, and any part of the room is safe—as nearly perfectly safe as possible. The draught from having all the windows and doors open would be a hundred times as dangerous as the lightning, for myriads die of colds for each one who is killed by a thunderbolt.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

BY L. E. B.

The husbandman of human hearts am I,
Older than all the tillers of the soil,
I've seen the hopes of proudest men recoil,
And expectation pale as I passed by.
All lands are mine. Of people low and high
I gather tribute. Of his daily toil
Not one refuses when I take the spoil,
Though breaking hearts are vainly wondering why.
Yet, when I've plowed about the roots of pride,
Blown with my cold winds till weak faith was strong,
Drenched till the heart was moistened through and through,
And all its powers of fruitfulness were tried,
The hearts of men from sighing turned to song
For life gained meaning that they never knew.

Grizzly Dan.

BY A. G. R.

A SHORT, slim, wiry, silent, strange man was Dan. A man who seemed out of place in Salt Flat, or, for the matter of that, out of place in any Western mining camp, at all. He could shoot, lie, or drink with any man in the camp; but his ways were not their ways. He never forced a quarrel, or cheated his friends—at least, not openly—and he was never known to be drunk.

Lastly, he went about, not only in his own hat and coat—it was the custom in Salt Flat for these articles to change hands, whether at a bargain or otherwise, pretty often—but by his own name.

This was looked upon by the rest of us almost as an insult. There was hardly a man among us there who hadn't some very good reason to keep his real name as much as possible in the background. Joe Carr, the bar tender—whose real name was Joe Palmer—was universally accounted one of our foremost citizens, and an excellent fellow—as we went—but his best friend would have fought shy indeed of addressing him as Palmer.

I had heard him called many names, some of which would have given ground for libel actions in England ten times over; nay, I have myself called him thief—with a prefix—and he did not seem much hurt; but never that. So it was a sore point with us all that Grizzly Dan should thus insinuate a superiority that none of us would allow.

"He mought ha' tacked on another name," said Frank Menner, our butcher, "from back East," as he was careful to inform us on every possible occasion, "when he come here, if it was only to be sociable. You say old Jim at the saw-mill knew his father down in Missouri, and his name was Hunter there, too. Wal, maybe so, maybe so," he added, reflectively; "but he arn't the only good man among us, not even the best by a long way; likely he find so some day. We didn't go much on 'mess' back East, and there was generally some one put the kabosh on it before long."

I think, though, Menner must have been the only one of us that actually bore Dan enmity. The quiet and soberness of the man angered us at times—when we fell more than usually below his level—as much as this very "nominal" matter ever did; but we most of us liked him individually. He was always welcome, and always ready, too, to play in a table of euchre or "all-fours," though he seldom played high and always on the square, and if it had not been for public opinion would have had more than one opportunity of going partners with men who worked the more paying claims higher up the gulch. As it was, he seemed well enough content. He worked his one claim alone, and though it paid little or nothing, he never borrowed or ran up bills.

He had not been among us long before there came to Salt Flat a party—husband, wife, and child—from Michigan. They came well "hosed," with cattle and horses, and settled in Salt Flat, to rest before crossing the range into California. Mr. Bollen, as we all called him from the first, on account of his—to us—aristocratic looks and ways, and his thousand dollars in cattle and horses, was hail-fellow-well-met at once, and Salt Flat seemed almost self-sacrificing in helping him with his herding, and getting his family fixed.

There was no room for wonder. To us miners, working and living together, with little female companionship, the advent of Jenny Bollen was an event that sent most of us into a very pleasurable state of excitement. It acted upon us in different ways.

It was early winter, and the night after Mr. Bollen's arrival, the one saloon of Salt Flat contained the entire population of the camp. Mr. Bollen's two cow-boys were there, too, and so many times were they called upon to drink, and so many questions were they asked, that, at two o'clock, thinking discretion the better part of valor, they apologized for having to leave so early, and retired unsteadily to the waggon.

Bill and Harry Welch, after arguing for nearly an hour over the color of Jenny's hair, came to blows, and were forcibly ejected by the rest of us, and stuck head downwards in the snow. We sat late that night, or rather morning, discussing Jenny's virtues. After mature, though rather vehement, deliberation, the following resolutions were unanimously carried:

"That her eyes were like rock crystal. That her hair was better than Mrs. Snaggles—the wife of our uncertificated doctor. That she was between sixteen and twenty-four"—on this delicate question scarcely two of us agreed. "That her face was 'a pictur.'"

But Mrs. Snaggles or no Mrs. Snaggles—who, after all, could only provoke comparison in the unimportant item of hair—Jenny Bollen was undoubtedly a very pretty girl, and there were two men in the camp, at least, who had already fallen—after their fashion—very much in love with her.

These were Frank Menner and Grizzly Dan. Frank "made the running" from the first, and though Jenny laughed at them both, it was clear she liked Frank the better of the two. There was little time, however, even for such scant courtship as men in Salt Flat thought necessary.

Mr. Bollen struck his tent, loaded his waggon, and passed on over the great Divide, with his horses, his cattle, his wife, and his daughter. Two or three of us took upon ourselves, as many other people have done before, to offer rough sympathy and gratuitous advice.

"Struck a snag, ain't you, Frank? but don't you cave, my boy, plenty more where she comes from."

"Hello, Frank," said another, "sorry the gal made a fool of you; better luck next time. You see gals think so much about the looks of a feller."

But he was soon silenced.

"I reckon you chaps," drawled Frank, "thinks as you know all about most things, and Jenny and me in particular. But you've let the dollar drop this time. You are right about looks, Josh; old Bollen wouldn't ha' gone off so quick on'y he saw your face, and was afeard the heifers might stampede. See here," and he threw us a little note.

I caught it, and looked at the address. It was marked, "Frank. Butcher. Salt Flat." He had evidently forgotten to tell her his surname. It was written on the merest scrap of paper. Cattle dealers don't carry around portfolios in the West of Colorado.

But it was folded in what was to us a most remarkable manner, so remarkable that it took us some time to get the creases out and read its contents, while Frank leaned back against his sign-board—F. Menner, Butcher, from the East—with all the careless nonchalance that a five-cent cigar and an easy attitude could lend to his appearance. After much difficulty we spelled out the following:

"We shall be at Oretown to-morrow. There is a church there. "JENNY."

We handed back the note without attempting to refold it.

"I guess you han't read it yet yourself," said Josh, thinking of the difficulty we had experienced.

"Read it? Gals always fix letters so back East. I'm off to-morrer," said Frank, stuffing the little note into his pocket, as if it was only one among many that he had already received.

"Stage goes to-night," we suggested.

"Maybe; but, you see, I am going to marry now, and mustn't chuck my dollars away on feeding Nathan's horses this trip."

So, in another hour, the story had gone abroad that Frank was going to Oretown to bring back Miss Bollen as his wife, and needed money, and Salt Flat had made a very solid collection for him. It was nothing if not miscellaneous; some contributed their washings of gold-ore for that day; some, in default of the "ready," gave a note of hand; others money; while among the various subscriptions were a pipe and a pair of shaps.

But Frank was more than satisfied, and thanked us all heartily, and that evening he started for Oretown by the stage.

All Salt Flat turned out to see him, off, and just as the driver was gathering up his reins preparatory to giving the deafening crack of his long whip, which was the signal to the half-broken bronchos to leap into a gallop for the start, Grizzly Dan stepped out of the crowd.

"Frank," he said, "I hain't got nothing to put in the bag to-day; but maybe I'll strike lie by when you gets back, and if so, I'll get you a wedding present then."

"I want no wedding present from you, Dan Hunter; I shan't mind getting no welcome from you; and I guess you won't feel much to give away; when we have settled down a bit you can come and give my wife your congratulations."

Frank was standing up in the old wagon, which did duty as a stage, his eyes glittering with hate, and his whole face worked with jealousy even now; but he failed to raise even the least spark of anger in Dan's face.

Then the whip cracked, the horses, sprang into motion, and the lumbering stage-wagon rolled out of sight.

Dan did not appear at Simpson's saloon for some days after this, and we were getting to wonder what he was doing, when, one evening, he walked into the "Salt Flat General Store," where I and some others were sitting at the stove, and said:

"Boys, I've struck it."

We jumped to our feet, and shook his hand cordially. Public feeling had had a reaction. Most of us thought, after that day when Frank went off on the stage, that Dan would have made Jenny the better husband, while all the camp was in a ferment over the discussion as to which was "the best man"; for that Frank and Dan would fight some day—unless one or other should show the white feather—there was every likelihood. Bets and wagers were freely made, and Dan was made favorite—with pistols—at three to two. So that we were not sorry that he had got a slice of luck at last.

"'Tain't much, boys," he went on; "but I wish it had come sooner. I reckon it's the end of the old lead Myers struck last fall, down by the creek."

It was not many days after this that Frank and Mrs. Menner came back to the Flat. They had spent some time together at Oretown, and old Bollen had given Jenny twenty head of prime cattle to take back with her.

For some time all went smoothly. Jenny was not demonstrative, but on the whole they were an affectionate couple; but towards the end of winter, things began to tone down.

Jenny was observed to fail in her spirits, and Dan, of course, noticed it. He seldom spoke to her, and when he did, it was only as any other of us. But she made it very clear that, next to her husband, she looked on him as her best friend in Salt Flat. Frank Menner was consumed with jealousy.

At last the first meeting took place. It occurred, of course, in the Salt Flat saloon. High words had passed from Frank to Dan, and Dan had quietly sipped the abominable mixture that was sold as whisky—finest old rye—and said nothing. At last Menner, emboldened by the other's silence, threatened him.

"And see here, Dan Hunter, if I catch you sneaking around my wife again I'll cut out your liver where you stand. You may do as you like about other fellows' wives; but you shall not hang after mine."

Dan dropped his glass to the floor where it broke into twenty pieces. For a moment his hand sought his pistol at his side. Then he withdrew it quickly, while his face for once showed signs of a greater anger than he could command. With clenched fist he strode to where Frank was standing. The latter was not slow to seize his advantage. In an instant he had drawn a revolver and fired.

At the same moment Dan struck him. There was a dull thud as a heavy body fell to the ground, and, as the smoke cleared, we saw that Frank lay stunned upon the sanded floor of the saloon, while Dan, his left arm hanging limp and shattered to his side, stood above him. Planting one foot heavily on his antagonist's body, he strode over him, and in total silence we saw him walk towards his claim by the river till the last house in Salt Flat's one street hid his retiring form.

* * * * * *

After the row at Simpson's saloon, there was a truce to open hostilities for some time. It was generally felt, and no doubt Frank knew it himself, too, that Dan could have killed him if he had wished. The lightning-like rapidity with which his hand, dropping the glass, had flown to his revolver, before Frank had had time to make a movement, was evidence enough of this.

But there was another reason for the deceptive calm that fell over the camp. Western morality is lax, and its law, in many cases, entirely in the hands of Judge Lynch; but we were not disposed to allow any but fair fighting.

Dan kept himself very much to himself. He never referred to the cause of his broken arm; and though he could not at present work his claim, he had already taken out a very tolerable pile, and had no need to do so. Frank came down twice a week as usual to the store to see if any beef was wanted, but his reception was never a very hearty one.

"The boys hev been getting among the deer lately. We shan't want beef again till blacktail and elk play out."

So Frank thrust his hands a little deeper into his pockets, and went off whistling to his cabin by the creek. But sometimes, though he would deny it to himself furiously, the thought would strike him that he was not at home with his wife; that he had married too far above him.

Neither in word nor deed could he find reason to reproach Jenny, however. She was not as affectionate as she might have been in her ways, perhaps; but he did not look for that.

Indeed, it would have bored him. But he felt that he was too rough for her, and even in his language he would sometimes forget that he was not in Simpson's saloon, and shock the poor girl's ears with some profanity. At such times he would remember how her father had fought against the match—had threatened never to speak to his daughter again, and how she, sacrificing much and braving all, had yet married him in her father's teeth.

Then he would throw himself passionately on his knees by her side, strong man as he was, and in broken words beg and implore her to forgive him. The very vehemence of his repentance frightened the girl, and made her even more afraid of him; and she would sit leaning back, with her hands clasped tightly over her heart, and looking with far-away, frightened eyes at him kneeling there at her feet.

"Oh, yes, yes; but, Frank, don't say such things to me again."

And there was a deadlier danger yet; a worse than Damocles' sword hanging over his head, a demon that whispered mockingly in his ear: "All this is nothing; wait—wait till you have hurt her worse, and you will be powerless to seek the forgiveness that she could never give you."

Day after day he had passed the sign, "Simpson's Forty Rod Whiskey," outside Salt Flat saloon, and tried to accustom himself to looking on the burning letters, and the laughing crowd within, to hear the clink of the glasses and the rattle of the dice, and to think of them as things that had nothing to do with him.

He had long ago finished the little keg of finest old rye in his cabin, taking it sip by sip when temptation became too strong for him; but the last few days' total abstemiousness had told upon even his powerful constitution, and this evening, as he was walking home, a sickness overcame him, and he staggered, and fell heavily on the snow-covered ground.

There we found him, and carried him back to the saloon he had been so anxious to avoid, and forced brandy between his lips. But it was a long time before the many doses administered had their effect and Frank opened his eyes at last.

His eyes stared blankly before him, so they gave him more brandy; and then when at last he rose, with their help, to his feet, and wished to go, they would not hear of it till he had sat down and rested.

"Take a drink, old chap, and tell us about it," they insisted.

It was a long "rest" that Frank took that night in Simpson's saloon. Towards midnight he began to look less pale and ill. A bright color shone in his face and a fierce light in his eyes. He asked where Dan was.

"Ain't bin nigh the town but once since—you know," they told him.

Then, looking round at the familiar decorations (!) on the walls, and the old thumb-worn dice-boxes on the table before him, he said:

"Seems like old times, boys, to-night; like as if I had been dreaming the last month or two. Shake you for drinks, Tom?"

The dice were brought, and the game, if such it could be called, went on for some time. Now they shook for money; and Frank lost. But still he played

higher. Then he lost his horses; then his wife's cattle.

"Come, Frank, you've had enough for to-night," said one well-meaning miner.

But a fierce oath was the only answer; and the one man who tried that night to save Frank Menner shrugged his shoulders and left the saloon.

"See here, fellers, any man 'ut 'll back his claim against mine—any man in'r room."

And again he lost. Still he did not go. He had seven or eight dollars in silver still. The bar stood by his elbow. He was thirsty.

When Frank returned home in the gray of the morning it was leaning on the arms of two companions, to find the light burning still in one window there. Jenny was sitting up, watching, wondering, fearing.

Frank saw it, and for a moment stood up without help, a shuddering horror seizing him. The other two cast significant looks at one another and slunk back the way they had come.

"He'll do now, he can stand alone all right," was the thought with which they strove to excuse their desertion.

* * * * * *

It was never thoroughly known in Salt Flat what happened during the early hours of that fatal morning down at the cabin by the creek; but Bill Welch, and Doc Snaggles, returning from a round through the woods before breakfast in search of game, heard several rifle-shots in quick succession down among the foothills, and, having had little luck themselves, took the trail leading in that direction, in hopes that they might get a shot at any deer being driven up. But none was to be seen.

When they came out on to the level they saw a strange thing. A man, hatless, pale, and reeling unsteadily, stood among the thick tuft grass at the edge of the foothills, gesticulating and flourishing a smoking rifle. Around him lay some five or six dead or dying cattle, and close by the side of the trail they had been following, a young bull, the pride of all Rollen's herd of shorthorns, lay, his shoulder broken by a shot, struggling painfully to rise, and filling the air with his piteous bellowings. Even as they stopped forward, another bullet, striking him in the back, ended his tortures, and the poor brute fell back dead.

At this moment the man, turning round, saw them, and throwing his gun over his shoulder began rapidly ascending the hill. When he had nearly reached the top he turned, and shaking his clenched fist at them, poured out a torrent of abuse and profanity.

"Take your cursed cattle," he cried; "hoofs and hides are all you will get by me," and he recommenced climbing, more furiously than ever, the thick patches of brush and cotton-wood hiding him from sight.

"Come, mate," said Bill, shaking with suppressed anger, as much at the man's wanton cruelty as at his language to them—of which latter, indeed, so furiously and indistinctly had he spoken, little save the end had been intelligible—"we must fetch this news to camp. Let's make tracks sharp. Who do you reckon it was?"

"Frank Menner. I saw his face as he went over the hill. Bin on the tear, I reckon."

Bill whistled.

"Phew, what'll Jenny say, I wonner?"

"I cal'late she won't 'ave much more to say to that skunk. Did you hear what he gave us?"

"I heard plenty—enough for Bill. I reckon if that chap comes moochin' around Salt Flat this side of Christmas there's be two of us what'll have something to say to him—you bet your bottom dollar on that. Guess thar ain't no flies on you nor me."

So in a short time the little community were eagerly discussing this new act in the drama that was being played in their midst, while not a few went up to the foothills to see with their own eyes the dead cattle and the trail Frank had taken.

Some of them, those who were best on a trail, followed him for a mile or more, and returned with the news that he had broken off into the dense pine-woods on the slopes of Hamlin's Peak, where further tracking was impossible.

It was evident that he had taken to the woods to hide, there being no trail in that direction by which he could cross the range, and all that could be done now was to hurry back to the cabin by the creek, and see what awaited them there.

There was a little crowd already assembled round the door, and Joe Carr held up his finger to the new-comers to enjoin silence.

"We sent Grizzly Dan in," he whispered; "he'll let us know if we're wanted."

Silently and quickly they took their places among the others and waited. Big, bearded men, wild, reckless, gambling natures—men who had most of them heavy sins on their consciences, and who acknowledged no sentiment, and perhaps had never before felt anxiety on any but their own account, stood there, troubled, anxious, and pale, waiting for Grizzly Dan to come back and tell them the worst. Presently he appeared. His face was drawn and haggard, and he did not seem to look towards them.

"Doc" Snaggles stepped quickly forward, and when he reached the door he dropped his hat on the ground outside before crossing with noiseless steps the threshold of the little cabin. When he came back at last, he answered at once the unspoken question of the crowd:

"No, not dead; she'll come round presently. If you chaps 'll hurry back to the Flat, and get some brandy and tinned fruit, you'll maybe do more good than standing around here. But I'm afraid she's a rough time coming, poor gal. Dan 'll stay and help me all I want."

So the rest of us went back to the Flat, and sent down all the delicacies—such as they were—that our "general store" would yield.

Indeed, if it had not been for some of the more reasonable among us, who suggested that Jenny had "a small appetite, anyway," the little cabin would hardly have held the miscellaneous supplies we wished to contribute.

Even so, there was not a man in camp whose sympathy was not represented in the offerings that Harry Welch took down to the sick girl, who, for all we knew, had suffered grievous injury at the hands of her fugitive husband.

Doc Snaggles met him at the door, and, singing to him to put down the hampers outside, led him round to where the window of the new room looked out on the half-frozen stream and the snow-burdened hills beyond.

On tip-toe they went forward, and saw Jenny lying, very pale, her head resting on Dan's arm and talking rapidly. She was looking straight towards them, but seemed unconscious of their presence. The two men looked at each other other.

"Yes, delirium. Come in; she won't know you. When's Mrs. Snaggles coming down?"

"She'll be here right away. Say Doc, you don't think she'll die, do you?"

"If it was you or Bill, boy, I should say no; but she ain't no tough 'un like us. She's been bad, and she'll be a durned sight wus yet."

So they came in, and began moving aimlessly about the little room, "fixing things," they said. Jenny was quieter now. Dan sat, with his head buried in his hands, in the silence that was more than words.

Now and again he would look towards the girl at his side, to assure himself that this sudden stillness was really another interval of sleep, and not the death he so much dreaded. When he did so they could see how drawn and pinched with horror was his own face.

Only Doc Snaggles knew what he must have suffered that last hour, sitting silently in the same place, listening to the girl for whom he would willingly have sacrificed his life, repainting unconsciously the miserable details of the past night.

Only Doc could, even if he had wished, have told how Dan, when he first saw her body lying on the cold floor of the little parlor, had thrown himself wildly at her side, and, with a passionate emotion of which no man would have thought him capable, bathed her poor, heated forehead with his tears, and then, rising suddenly to his feet, had invoked Heaven's awful curse upon the man who had done this thing.

* * * * * *

Mrs. Snaggles came soon after; and, while Doc went out to meet her, Jenny began to speak again. Dan bent over her to catch the words. Presently there came a pause. She did not seem to see him, looking straight through the window to where the old wagon trailed over the range to Oretown. But a softer look came into her face when she next spoke:

"Dan."

A wild thrill of joy swept through him in spite of all his misery. He bent his head a little lower, and for a moment his lips touched her face.

When the others came into the room again, they saw a new light in Dan's eyes; and when Doc told him that he would no longer be needed that day, he grasped his hand and shook it.

"You will do your best, Doc, I know. Think as if it was your wife—your own wife that you'd die for you are trying to save. Oh, she must get well, she must get well!"

Harry Welch walked with him as far as the ford, where their ways parted, and Dan spoke for the first time since they left the cabin:

"Tell the boys," he said, "to let Frank be. You see, he is her husband still, I suppose. Unless," he added, significantly, "unless he comes back agen."

And we followed, if we did not understand his wish. I think that since it was clear now that Frank had gone—"vamoosed," as we said—we all looked upon Dan as having a certain right in the matter; and certainly our sympathies, which were, after all, as ready as they were rough, were entirely with the man who had been so faithful to Jenny all through; who had been so far above Frank's jealousy and spitefulness, and was even now so generous to the man who had robbed him of his love, and whom he must in his heart have hated with a deadly hatred.

Indeed, his feelings in this matter, his anxiety that no violence nor harm should be done to Frank, simply because he was Jenny's husband, were unintelligible to us; but we respected them, and the man also for them.

Never a day passed but Dan was up at the house, asking for news of Jenny, and the relief he showed in his anxious face when Mrs. Snaggles would tell him she wasn't no worse, anyway, enlisted that good woman's sympathies to such an extent that she would sometimes let him come to the door and look in for a few minutes, before he went back to his claim.

The latter was showing up well, and Dan worked at it for more than the usual hours, and a great deal harder. Severe manual labor did him good, and this and the delicate handling necessary for washing out the gold, saved him perhaps from breaking down under the anxiety that lay so heavily upon him.

At night he would stroll up to the Flat and join in a game of euchre; but he made an inattentive player; and once Joe Carr, standing behind him, saw him quite unconsciously discard a left bower in exchange for a nine. After a little he would get up, a trifle lighter in pocket, nod to the boys, and go off to his cabin, generally to sleep the sleep of sheer exhaustion.

One day Doc Snaggles came riding into the Flat with news. Jenny had come more to herself, and was out of danger.

"But there's something I don't rightly ketch on to," he said. "She knows me and my wife, but she don't seem right in her ideas. She hain't said nothin' about that night—don't remember the first thing about it, I reckon—and she's always asking where Frank is, and why he don't come home. She says she saw him often while she had the fever, but don't call to mind what he said to her. Maybe she'd get a bit clearer if she saw Dan."

So Dan was sent for, and told that Doc wanted him down at the cabin. The Snaggleses were both in the parlor when he got there, and Jenny was sitting up in a chair by the table, and, pillows being scarce in Salt Flat, was propped up with a curious selection of furs and blankets. She looked terribly pale and ill, but there was a vacant expression in her soft brown eyes—a something wanting, as it were—which spoke worse for the poor girl's mind.

She did not wait for Dan to speak. As soon as he was well within the room, and she could see his face, she held out her hands to him with a glad little cry.

"Oh, Frank! Frank! you have come back at last. Why have you kept away from me? I have been so ill; and I saw you every day——"

"Jenny, it is not Frank—only Grizzly Dan."

But she did not heed him.

"You are going to stay now, aren't you, dear? And we'll be happy again, like we were before—before—something happened. What was it, Frank, that happened?"

"I can't, Jenny, I can't. You mustn't talk like that. I will come and see you to-morrow, and——"

"Frank's got to go to Oretown, Jenny, after stores," Mrs. Snaggles hurriedly interposed, "and must catch the stage. He'll get back soon, and you'll be better then."

"Git away, you fool," she whispered to Dan, brushing quickly past him, "this'll bring back the fever."

So Dan stumbled out of the room, his eyes wet with a strange mist of tears. Half unconsciously he found his way to his own cabin, where, throwing himself on his knees on the bare mud floor, he prayed as he had perhaps not done since he was a boy in Missouri.

"Takes me for him!" he cried. "Oh, Heaven, help me to help her, for I love her still, love her more than ever!"

Salt Flat, of course, heard—through Mrs. Snaggles—of the scene in Menner's parlor, and many were the opinions delivered as to the course Dan should take. The majority, judging others by themselves, agreed that Dan should marry Jenny "right off" since she looked on him as her husband, if he wanted to, and ignore Frank, as a man who, if he was not dead, ought to be. But Dan became so furious at the suggestion, that the idea was at once dropped as a subject which, if perserved with, would in all likelihood end in shooting.

"Boys," he said, "I'm not that sort, I reckon. There is on'y one way out of this for Dan Hunter, and that's the California trail. You chaps as like can 'freeze out' for my claim, and if the feller as gits it will give me a bronco I'll git through before next snowfall. That's fixed."

Dan tried hard to keep away from Menner's cabin that day; but as the evening came, and he remembered how he had always gone to enquire after Jenny after his day's work, he found he could not resist taking the same direction once more.

"It's a sure thing," he said to himself, as he set out, "I can't skip the country without a word. Jenny, my dear, you'll never know how fond Grizzly Dan was of you."

When he got to the cabin, and asked Mrs. Snaggles how Jenny was, she shook her head.

"She's got 'er mind fixed on it you're Frank," she said, and she seemed quite determined not to allow him to see her.

"Maybe she won't see me again," said Dan, "I'm going over the range."

"For good?"

"Ay."

He could say no more, a lump seemed to stick in his throat as he looked piteously at her. She did not hesitate any longer.

"I'm real sorry for you, Dan," she said, as she let him in, and she left him, and went off to the kitchen. When she got back she could hear Jenny sobbing bitterly inside. Bill Welch, who had come round to enquire, stood outside the door with Dan. For a moment she looked angrily at the latter; but a glance at his face stopped her.

"Good-bye," she said, holding out her hand, "good-bye."

And the two figures moved away into the gathering darkness. Their way lay across the meadow-land, under the foothills, where Frank Menner had shot his cattle a fortnight before.

The coyotes had made short work of the carcases, and presently, as they went silently along through the crisp snow, they saw the skull of the young bull lying in their path by a small clump of aspen trees. For a moment they stopped and looked at it, each thinking of the man who had done so much wrong and harm in the last few months. Suddenly, without a sign of warning, he stood before them. He wore no hat, and his clothes were torn about him. Mad, fierce, and shaken with fury, he stood there and laughed aloud.

"Caught, you hound," he cried, "coming from my house—coming from my wife."

He raised the pistol in his hand, and fired wildly. Dan's hat fell to the ground. Bill Welch looked hurriedly towards him. Was the man mad? He stood there, his hands folded over his breast, silent and immoveable.

Again Frank stepped forward and raised his weapon, when in an instant his foot caught in one of the horns of the animal he had killed, and he fell headlong on his face. At the same instant the second cartridge exploded. A cry, sharp, clear, and piercing, rang out on the frosty night air, and when Bill went forward and turned over his body he saw there was blood trickling from the man's side. Dead! Shot through the heart by the bullet he had intended for his rival.

* * * * * *

Salt Flat is no more; but down on the creek, where Grizzly Dan's cabin used to stand, there is a neat little white house, and Dan and his wife are well known in Oretown, and for many miles around. She still calls him Frank, and often sits by the hour puzzling over her "second marriage," and trying—trying to "remember." But she is happy, and men say that Dan is happy too. There is a rough grave among the foothills where she is never likely to

pass, and a still rougher headstone. A plain piece of deal boarding stands upright in the soil—still faintly bearing the epitaph the miners of Salt Flat deemed sufficient:

"'Frank Menner'
shot himself,
the other was the best man."

WITCHES AND WITCHCRAFT.

IT was not in England alone belief in witchcraft had full away. The disease, and a very fatal disease it must have been, followed the emigrants who settled in New England, and who included among their number, Presbyterians, Calvinists, Quakers, Anabaptists and other sects of Independents.

The Calvinists, the most wealthy of the settlers, brought with them the same zeal for religion and strict morality, which everywhere distinguished them, but unfortunately they also brought with them their proneness to believe in supernatural and direct personal intercourse between the Devil and his vassals.

The Calvinist ministers were much to blame in encouraging this extraordinary delusion, and among them was one young clergyman, an indefatigable student, remarkable for his memory and the immense amount of verbal knowledge he possessed; he was also somewhat vain and credulous, and exceedings fond of the marvellous, with a deep-rooted belief in witchcraft. He was was Cotton Mather, son of Increase Mather, and to his zeal and fanaticism many poor wretches owed their deaths. He sincerely believed the tales the "possessed" told him, and wrote a book to prove the truth of witchcraft.

This book was re-published in London, with an approving preface written by Richard Baxter, and had its influence upon the minds of the people and prepared the way for the sad scenes which followed.

The symptoms in New England cases was very much the same as those in Old England, and the first persons to be bewitched were children. They stiffened their necks so hard at one time that the joints could not be moved, at other times their necks were so flexible and supple, that it seemed the bone was dissolved. They had violent contortions, in which their jaws snapped with the force of a spring-trap. Their limbs were curiously contorted and seemed entirely dislocated and displaced, their mouths were stopped, their throats choked, thorns were stuck into their flesh, and pins were ejected from their stomachs.

In the midst of these contortions they called out upon those whom they said bewitched them. These afflicted persons declared they saw the spectres of those who tormented and tortured them.

Sometimes these spectres offered their victims a book, on signing which they would be freed from their torments. Sometimes the devil appeared in person and added his eloquence to move the afflicted ones to consent.

At first the poor and miserable alone were involved, but presently the bewitched began to accuse persons of higher character and irreproachable lives, several of whom were executed.

As was the case everywhere, the more that suffered the greater became the number of afflicted persons who complained of being tormented by new objects as the former were removed, and the wider and the more numerous were the denunciations against supposed witches.

No one was safe. The accused were of all ranks and ages. In these days it is horrible to think that an infant of five years of age was indicted by some of the bewitched, who imagined they saw this juvenile wizard active in tormenting them, and appealed to the mark of little teeth on their bodies, where they stated he had bitten them.

The possessed, however, were not content with having human victims; animals as well suffered for their diseased imaginations, a poor dog was hanged as having been alleged to be busy in this infernal persecution.

No wonder such gross insults on common reason occasioned a revulsion in public feeling, but unfortunately not till many lives had been sacrificed. By this means in Salem, nineteen men and women were executed, besides a stout-hearted man named Cory, who refused to plead, and was accordingly pressed to death, according to the old law.

Sir Walter Scott in his letters on Demonology, relates that on this horrible occasion a circumstance took place, disgusting for humanity, which must yet be told, to show how superstition can steel the heart of a man against the misery of his fellow-creature. The dying man, in the moral agony, thrust out his tongue, which the sheriff crammed with his cane back again into his mouth.

Eight persons were condemned besides those who had actually suffered, and no less than two hundred were in prison and under examination, when men began to ask whether the devil might not artfully deceive the afflicted into the accusation of good and innocent persons by presenting witches and fiends in their resemblance as engaged in the tormenting of their diseased country folk.

This argument was by no means inconsistent with the belief in witchcraft, and was the more readily listened to on that account. Besides, men found that no rank or condition could save them from the danger of this horrible accusation if they continued to encourage the witnesses in such an unlimited course as had hitherto been granted them.

Influenced by these reflections, the settlers awoke as from a dream, the prosecutions were therefore suddenly stopped, the prisoners dismissed, the condemned pardoned, and even those who had confessed, the number of whom was very extraordinary—indeed some of the poor wretches seemed to glory in the baneful notoriety they gained by such means—were pardoned amongst others, and Cotton Mather, who was deeply convinced of the reality of the crime, thus records the result:

"When this prosecution ceased, the Lord so chained up Satan, that the afflicted grew presently well. The accursed were generally quiet, and for five years there was no such molestation among us."

Several of the judges and jurors concerned in the sentence of those who were executed, published their penitence for their rashness in convicting these unfortunate persons, and one of the judges, a man of the most importance in the colony, observed, during the rest of his life, the anniversary of the first execution as a day of solemn fast and humiliation for his own share in the transaction. Not much satisfaction, it is to be feared, to those who had lost their dear ones through the morbid belief which had taken such a strong hold of the imagination of all.

There were some curious superstitions connection with witches. It was supposed that their master the devil, gave the witches a salve by the use of which they might render themselves invisible, transform themselves into animals and pass through the air, the better to form their diabolical work. He likewise placed a mark upon them such as a mole or other spot which had no feeling, hence the practice of thrusting pins into the flesh of suspected persons.

It was the infallible sign of a witch if she exhibited no pain when the long pin was thrust in, and if no blood came from the puncture.

It was also supposed, that when the witch endured the torture which was generally inflicted to make them confess, with uncommon patience, or moreover fell asleep by it, as it often mysteriously happened, the devil had given them this insensibility through an amulet (a sort of physical composition or charm to wear about the person, as a preservation against plague, poison, enchantment, to remove diseases, etc.), which they kept concealed about them.

In the case of a first trial of a witch, she was forced to enter the court backwards and without shoes, which she had to leave outside. The beadle or other official appointed, seized her by her hair and led her thus to the bar, and not until then was she allowed to turn round and look at the judges. This custom arose from an erroneous supposition, that on her very first entrance she might at once bewitch the judges with her looks.

It might be thought that witches would be enriched by selling their souls to the devil, but such was not the case, for "Satan to dishonor God always bought them at a dead bargain that they might not by such riches betray themselves."

In order to raise a storm, witches had to stand in the water and throw some backwards over their heads if they wished to produce one at sea, but if they sought to make one in the mountains they had to beat the stones soundly with a stick.

Satan often assisted his allies, the witches, in their nefarious work by assuming various forms and disguises, and thus aiding them to lead others astray. Some of the most noted divines agreed in this; that the apparition which the witch of Endor showed unto King Saul had not been Samuel in troth, but that hateful Satan; nevertheless Saul had taken him for Samuel.

It was supposed that when a witch pledged herself to the Devil, the latter likewise pledged himself in writing, and gave her a compact-paper, and this was one of the things searched for when a person was denounced as a witch.

A Netherlandish physician, Johannem Wierum, wrote a work treating at large of the doctrines of exorcisms of the spirits, and therein set forth the whole of hell, with the names and surnames of its 572 princes of devils. One would like to know how this learned doctor arrived at his knowledge of the infernal regions and its rulers so accurately.

Strangely enough, this same man at a later period, changed his views on the subject, would have nothing to do with witchcraft, and argued that all witches were melancholy persons, who only fancied to themselves that they had formed a compact with the Devil, and seemed to him more worthy of pity than of punishment. He wrote a book backing up this opinion in 1590, but was himself decried by other writers, as the worst of all wizards.

It was supposed that if the afflicted could say the Apostolic Creed, the three Articles, and repeat a few texts of Scripture, having immediate reference to the work of redemption, they could not be possessed, forsmuch as "no man can say that Jesus is the Lord, but by the Holy Ghost."

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

A cock fowl on the farm of James N. Lenow, at Little Rock, Ark., has not only intelligently expressed a decided preference for the companionship of English sparrows, but appears inseparable from them. The fowl is also great friends with a cat, and at night time the bird and the cat roost together.

The convicts in the Connecticut State prison have an annual turkey dinner out of a fund provided by the will of a Mr. Dorsey, formerly an inmate of the prison, who devised that on his birthday such a feast should be spread in the prison. The anniversary recurred last week and 339 convicts sat at the dinner.

In Belgium it is the custom to give certificates of marriages in the form of little books, which also contain a summary of the marriage laws, and among a mass of other miscellaneous information directions for the feeding and care of infants. There are also places for entering the names and birthdays of the children of the marriage, the authorities considerately affording space for twelve such entries.

The story comes, by roundabout way of Tacoma, of the discovery of a point on the Central American isthmus where the tides of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans approach within 18 miles of each other. The alleged discoverer of hitherto unsuspected geographical conditions is said to have brought back with him from his explorations not only charts and drawings, but estimates for an ocean-level ship canal across the isthmus. The approach of the oceans, it is represented, is due to fissures in the separating land and chasms in the mountain chain.

Many of the masterpieces of the great Flemish painters of the past, which are preserved in Belgian churches, are kept covered with heavy cloths, the idea being to stimulate public curiosity and extort from visitors an extra fee to see them. A result of this sordid policy is that the color of the pictures, being deprived of light, has materially deteriorated, and that the pictures have become darkened and obscured. The great Van Dyck "Saint Martin," in the church at Saventhem, has suffered so severely that the Government has interfered, and a similar action is expected in other cases.

"I was in Hawaii a few years ago," said a St. Louis traveler. "The feature of the island which struck me almost forcibly was the active volcano of Kilauea. It is a a mountain 14,000 high. The crater is about half a mile across, and perhaps 300 feet deep. The mass of flames and boiling fire is half a mile across. The consistency of the molten matter is about that of iron running from a furnace. It foams and bubbles, and sends pillars of liquid fire 100 feet into the air. The sound of the boiling mass can be heard for miles. Rocks, heated until they look like meteors, are thrown nearly to the top of the crater."

An investigation by Dr. Richter, of Hamburg, Germany, shows that most of the fires that occur in laundries where benzine is used to wash clothes are due to electric sparks caused by friction of the benzine and the clothing as the latter is withdrawn from the bath. "In Hamburg alone 15 out of 21 fires were due to this cause. Experiments showed that woollen materials become positively electrified and the benzine negatively, and that the difference of electrical tension causes a discharge strong enough to give a painful shock, producing sparks two inches long in some instances, and lighting up the room in which the experiments were made. It is suggested that such fires may be prevented by charging the air in the room with steam."

The decline of drinking at London dinner parties is attributed to the fact that champagne is now usually the only wine served, it having banished claret and replaced the old port that used to appear with the desert. As a result a guest is now contented with a few glasses of champagne, where his grandfather used always to consume one and sometimes, as Pitt did, even three bottles of port at dinner.

Experiments are being conducted in the pathological department of the Johns Hopkins Hospital in order to observe the effects of alcohol on rabbits. Six of the animals have been selected, and for several weeks they have been subjected to a treatment of alcoholic toddy. It may be of great value to science to ascertain that the effect of whisky upon rabbits varies according to the temperament of the individual creature; that some become hilariously drunk, while others grow cross and sulky under the influence of the exhilarating fluid. To the uninitiate, however, the value of the experiments is not evident. It would seem that there is little or no excuse for this new development of cruelty to animals in view of the large number of human subjects offered by voluntary over-indulgence in alcoholic stimulants.

WONDERFUL.—It was at Niagara.

"There," said a grandiloquent fellow, "in all your experience have you ever beheld a more wonderful spectacle than yonder majestic volume of water crashing into that seething whirlpool below?"

"Ou, ay," replied the canny Scot, to whom he spoke. "I have seen finer sichts than that. Why, mon, when I was at Dumfries I went to see a friend of mine, a gardener, an' he showed me a far more wonderfu' sight—a peacock wi' a wooden leg!"

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA wants men's evening dress "reformed," and offered a prize for the best suggestion to that end. The winner, a lady, suggests that the present harmony in black and white would be admirable with "a trifling addition, which would lend the necessary touch of color and effect, namely, the gold embroidering of the coat collar and waistcoat over colored materials, such as crimson or dark, blue velvet.

PATENTS

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Our Young Folks.

WHY EMILY WANTED MONEY.

BY KATHLEEN CURWEN.

"I WANT my mother! Oh, I want my mother!"

It seemed a strange thing for such a great girl to be saying to herself, over and over again, like a tiny child that has lost its way—yet that was what Emily was saying in her heart, as she had often said it for days, and months, and years.

Because it was a sad thing to have a mother and never to see her—not even to know whether she would see her again.

It was a bitterly cold afternoon at the end of November, but she did not think of the cold, though the snow lay thickly on the ground, and was heaped up in drifts on the steps on which she was sitting. Her eyes were raised to the sun that was shining wintrily through the clouds, and she was thinking. "The sun can see my mother and shine on her, and I can't; and the sun does not care one bit, while I do—so much, oh, ever so much! Poor mother, how lonely she must be, with no little daughter to love her!"

Two gentlemen turned the corner just then, and came that way. As they drew near, Emily said appealingly—

"Flowers, sir! Won't you please buy my flowers?"

One of them shook his head and was passing on, but the other noticed her disappointed look, and stopped.

"You seem very anxious to sell your flowers," he said.

"Yes, sir," Emily answered, with the tears springing to her eyes.

"But I don't want them," he said, glancing at her well-filled baskets with a slight smile, for he had beautiful hot-house flowers at home. "They would be of no use to me. Are you hungry?"

"No, sir."

"I thought not," he said, as his eyes fell on her rounded cheeks and plump hands. "And you can't be cold, with that nice warm shawl to wrap you. Will your mother scold and beat you if you don't sell them?"

Emily shook her head. "I want the money so badly," she said, in trembling tones.

The second gentleman said impatiently, "Come along! So do we all. Of course she wants money."

But the other still lingered.

"I'll follow you in a minute," he said. "Now, my child, just tell me why you want it so much."

At first Emily could not speak. She felt bewildered at being asked questions about herself, and gazed up at her friend as though she were dumb. But he waited patiently, and a strange boy in rags leaned against the opposite wall and looked on.

At last the words found their way.

"It's for mother, sir. Father's a soldier, and years ago they ordered his regiment across the sea, to a place where it's always hot. And mother she said that she would go too, 'cause he might get ill there, and she so far away. So she went to him, and they left with a neighbor; and father sends a little money every week to buy me food."

She stopped, and wiped away a few tears with the corner of her shawl.

"Well then, sir," she went on, "it was mother that was ill, and had to go into the hospital, and while she was there they ordered the regiment back to England, and he had to come away and leave her behind! And now they have sent him to another country, and mother can't get home, because it costs such a lot of money to come in a ship. She does work for the ladies there, but they only pay her enough to buy her food. And father can't save much more than he sends for me."

The gentleman looked at her very attentively, and feeling convinced that she was telling the truth, he pulled out his purse.

"And I suppose you are trying to save enough to pay your mother's passage home?" he asked.

"Yes, sir. I've been trying now for three years, and it is five years since mother went away."

"How much have you saved already?"

"Nineteen shillings and sixpence, sir. But it will cost ten pounds."

He laid a sovereign in her hand.

"That will help a little," he said, smiling. And he went on his way.

"Poor little girl!" he said to himself as he went. "Why, at that rate, it will take her years and years to save enough. It's a hard case. Why not give her the whole sum at once, and let the poor woman come home? I'll find out a little more about her, and see if her story is true."

He turned back to speak to Emily again, but she was gone from her place. In the far distance he saw her hurrying along, with a ragged boy following close behind.

Now, as soon as he had left her, Emily had drawn from her pocket an old handkerchief in which her savings were tied up, and had carefully knotted up the sovereign with the rest. Then she set off homeward, her eyes shining with joy.

She would send off this money at once, she resolved—it would please her mother to see it; and she was so deep in thought that she never noticed the boy following at her heels.

It was too far to walk all the way home. She took a tram-car, which cost her a halfpenny, but that seemed nothing to-day.

The hungry-looking boy came in and sat by her side, and asked her to give him a bunch of her flowers, but she felt so happy that she gave him two penny bunches, which he afterwards sold for twopence each.

When at last she reached her own door she set down her baskets, and felt for her pocket.

She wanted to look at the money once more before she went in, as the kind neighbor with whom she lived was evidently not alone. She could hear voices in the room.

But her hand went through the pocket-hole in her dress, and found nothing!

The pocket had been cut completely out with a pair of scissors, and the handkerchief and its contents were gone, as well as her last letter from her mother.

In a moment Emily remembered that the boy who had asked for flowers had pressed very close to her in the tram-car, and that he was on her pocket side.

She turned giddy, and with a little moan fell all in a heap on her baskets of flowers.

When she came to herself again, she was lying on the floor inside the room, her head supported against someone's knee, while her face was being gently bathed with cold water.

She felt herself kissed, and loving words were murmured over her.

She opened her eyes, and there, just above hers, was a face she had not seen for many a year.

It was changed and lined, and the hair was gray, but there was the same love for her that she remembered years ago shining through the eyes.

For a few moments Emily lay still, trying to understand; then her arms were flung round the new-comer's neck.

"Mother," she sobbed out, "you have come back!"

They were still sitting on the floor, their arms round each other, when there was a tap on the door, and directly afterwards there entered the gentleman who had given Emily the sovereign. In his hand he held the missing pocket, with its contents.

"Have you lost something?" he asked. "I went back to speak to you again, and saw you hurrying away, with a thievish-looking urchin in pursuit. So I followed too, and when he got out of the tram-car I caught him, and found this upon him. And this letter told me where to find you."

Emily gave a cry of joy as she sprang up and took her property.

She could not say "Thank you," but hastily undoing the handkerchief, she held out the sovereign to him.

"We don't need it now, sir," she stammered, half laughing, half crying. "Mother has come home!"

"Yes, sir," said her mother, getting up, and laying her hand on her child's shoulder.

"I found a chance at last. Another stewardess was wanted on a steamer coming home, and they took me."

Emily's friend in need looked from one to the other, and laughed, but would not take back the sovereign.

"No," he said, as he went out of the door.

"You had better keep that to buy a purse and a new pocket."

SHYNESS.—Shyness is of two kinds, the first and least deplorable being a gracelessness caused by unfamiliar surroundings and uncertainty how to behave. It produces agonies of misgiving, with perplexity that scatters thought. But this kind of sufferer is apprehensive not of being laughed at, but of intruding on or being a bore to others. He dreads giving offence. Painful though it be, his is, if properly and timeously treated, a transient malady, and often leaves the convalescent more able to give and receive pleasure in the society of others than many who have never suffered from the disease. The reason for this seeming paradox is that shyness of this kind is the result of a lively imagination acting on love of approbation, each of which is in due measure essential to a sympathetic nature. But it must not be neglected or encouraged by circumstances, or it will become chronic, and the torment will be lifelong. The other and more malignant form of shyness is really nothing but pride, generating suspicious watchfulness and cold reserve, each of them fatal to a pleasant manner.

MARY'S NEW GAME.

BY G.

LIZZIE, Mary, and Ernest had been looking out of the window, watching the falling snow.

"It won't leave off," said Mary. "It is three o'clock now, and in the winter it gets dark very soon. We shall not be able to go out of doors again to-day."

"But there will be plenty of snow for snow-balls to-morrow," said Ernest.

"I shall not go out to-morrow if you make snowballs," said Lizzie.

"Because you don't like to have them thrown at you," said Ernest.

"No, I do not," said Lizzie.

"Well," said Mary, "don't let us think of that now. Let us think of something to do in the house. What shall we do?"

"I don't know," said Ernest.

"Nor I," said Lizzie.

"Let us play at 'Afternoon Tea,'" said Mary.

The other children laughed.

"Yes," said Mary; "it would be quite like grown-up people. I will be mamma and pour out the tea, and you and Ernest shall be Uncle Tom and Aunt Susan staying with me. I'll get the cups and saucers out of nurse's cupboard, and you will see how nice it will be."

So Mary drew a little round table up near the nursery fire, and opened nurse's cupboard, and took out some cups and saucers and the sugar-basin, and a jug of milk that was there, and put them on the table.

"Why, here is a piece of cake!" said Mary, "and there is the tea-caddy. If we had only some tea!"

"Why, what are you doing, children?" said nurse, who just then came into the room.

"We are having a new game of 'Afternoon Tea,'" said Mary. "I am mamma pouring out tea, and Lizzie is Aunt Susan, and Ernest is Uncle Tom."

"Only you have no tea to pour out," said nurse; "but I think I can help you."

And she put some tea into her little tea-pot, and poured some hot water from the kettle upon it.

"It will soon be ready," she said; "so take your places round the table, and I will wait upon you."

"Oh, how nice!" said Lizzie and Mary. "Thank you ever so much, nurse."

Then nurse put the cake on the table and cut some bread and butter.

"It is all quite real," said Mary, as she gave Lizzie and Ernest their cups of tea. "Do you take sugar, Uncle Tom?"

"Yes, I do; I like my tea very sweet," replied Ernest.

"Nurse must have some tea too; she will be a lady just come in. Mrs. Nurse, please sit down in the rocking-chair. I think you don't take sugar in your tea?"

"No, but plenty of milk, please," said nurse, seating herself.

So the afternoon passed very merrily, and when evening came Lizzie said, "It was a good thought of yours, Mary, that we should play at 'Afternoon Tea.'"

THE REPUTATION NOT THE MAN.—The reputation is not the man. Yet all true reputation begins and ends in the opinion of a man's intimate friends. He is what they think him, and in the last result will be thought so by others. Where there is solid merit to bear the pressure of personal contact, fame is but a vapor raised by accident or prejudice, and will soon vanish like a vapor. But he who appears to those about him what he would have the world think him, from whom every one that approaches him in whatever circumstance brings something away to confirm the loud rumor of the popular voice, is alone great in spite of fortune. The malice of friendship, the littleness of curiosity are as severe tests as the impartiality and enlarged views of history.

THE receipt to make "a modern English gentleman" is offered by Mr. Labouchere: "Wash a large, red stockjobber; brush and trim; baste all over with money; arrange in a luxurious West End house, surround with puff-paste; then serve up hot. Will keep for months."

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

"The Eye" is the name of the local newspaper at Needles, California.

An 8¼ pound sweet potato is the product of a Palm Springs, California, farm.

Satisfactory gas pipes, it is claimed, are now made of manilla paper coated with asphalt.

Money is said to owe its name to Moneta, a title of Juno, in whose temple Roman money was first coined.

It is unlawful in Norway for an ale house keeper to employ any woman other than his wife in the serving of drinks.

The Electrical Review estimates that there is about $100,000,000 invested in the telephone exchange business of the United States.

One Marier, under sentence of death at Pineville, Ky., last week professed religion, and the chaplain baptized him in the bathtub at the prison.

In a vote taken by an English paper to determine the most popular names for boys and girls, the highest was cast for Harold and Dorothy.

The death penalty is rarely enforced in Germany, Austria, Denmark or Sweden. In the United States only one murderer in 50 suffers capital punishment.

The counterfeiters who were caught making spurious dollars of pure silver, in Cincinnati, were turning them out at a cost of $450 for a thousand coins.

Next to the United States, France has the distinction of having the largest number of savings bank depositors. The French have $639,000,000 in bank.

Cuthbert, Georgia, is said to include among its inhabitants a colored woman, 27 years old, who measures but three feet in height. In all other respects she is perfectly formed.

Captain R. D. Bell, of Alaska, says that the Indians of that territory are being cleaned out by disease and bad whisky at such a rate that in ten years an Alaskan Indian will be almost a curiosity.

Dr. W. C. Ransome, of South Haven, Mich., is having built a little schooner, on which he proposes to make a voyage around the world. She will be only 125 feet long, with a beam of about 25 feet.

A family wrote to the Secretary of a poor fund, at Belding, Mich., the other day, enclosing a list of articles they needed. Among the eatables asked for were a can of oysters and two quarts of cranberries.

The maker of the first wire rope in this country is said to have been John A. Roebling, of Saxonburg, Butler county, Pa., in 1840. The rope was ⅝-inch in diameter, and, perhaps, 500 feet long, and was used on a subsidiary plane at Johnstown.

From a "scientific toy" the telephone has become one of the greatest business implements of the age. The annual report of the American Bell Telephone Company shows the corporation rented last year 632,790 telephones, an increase of over 40,000 in one year.

A resolution in favor of birching incorrigible boys instead of sending them to prison has been sent to the British Home Secretary, signed by a number of magistrates. The proposition is to birch boys under 16 for all offences, at the discretion of the magistrate.

The loser and finder of a gold watch happened to be in the advertising department of a Dallas, Oregon, paper office at the same time, recently. The latter was about to insert an advertisement for the return of the timepiece, while the former intended advertising for the owner.

John Thacker, of Waterford, Va., being accidentally in Cincinnati, bought at a sale of unclaimed baggage a trunk in which he found property that proved to be that of a relative who had been missing for years, and the incident has led to the re-union of a long-separated family.

Quanal Parker, chief of the Comanches, has a large and comfortable residence near the reservation in which his tribe is quartered, but when he leaves on an extended journey he turns his five wives out and locks up the house, lest they should carelessly set it afire and destroy it in his absence.

Colonel A. M. Benson, of Boston, visited Marion, N. C., recently for the first time since 1864, when he escaped from the rebel prison at Columbia and was hidden in a barn for a week and fed by a negro named Marks. The Colonel was delighted to find Marks was still alive, hunted him up and spent a pleasant hour or two with him and left him $100 as a souvenir.

Elaborate preparations are being made to raise from the lagoon mud at Venice the long-lost Piazzetta column, which has recently been discovered, after having lain there for eight centuries. It was in 1060 that the Emperor Alexis Commenus, of Constantinople, presented three Egyptian monoliths to the city of Venice. Two of them were landed safely. The third, in the course of disembarkation, toppled into the lagoon, all trace of it having been lost until a short time

FROM VENICE.

BY W. W. L.

Here in this ruined palace dreaming,
Where moonlight falls on Adria's sea,
My thoughts go back, beloved, to thee,
And hours of love's fond roaming—
Another Mariana in the Moated Grange,
In the what was, now filled with change.

The gondoliers go by me silently,
And long dark shadows cast
Upon the water's dreamy stillness vast—
The phantoms of my dead life here I see,
And all that made love strangely sweet,
When Paradise lay at your dainty feet.

OLD JOKES MADE NEW.

Turenne, one day, observing that at each volley from a certain battery some of his soldiers ducked their heads, but drew themselves up again immediately, lest they should be reprimanded, exclaimed: "Mes enfans, there is no harm in what you do; such visitors well deserve an obeisance."

This reminds one of the French officer's politeness when he saw a bomb approaching. Leaping aside as it approached, he took off his hat, and bowing low, remarked: "I never dispute precedence with gentlemen of your family."

A certain French poet, who had written verses in honor of Napoleon, after the Restoration poetized in praise of the Bourbons. Having presented his elegantly written couplets to Louis the Eighteenth, the King remarked:

"They are very fine; but I think those were much finer which you dedicated to my predecessor."

"Your Majesty is right," replied the poet, unabashed; "but everybody knows that poets succeed much better in fiction than in reality."

It is certainly a curious coincidence, to say the least of it, that exactly the same reply under the same circumstances should have been made by Edmund Waller to Charles the Second. "When Waller," says Mr. Gosse, "presented the fourth of his panegyrics to Charles the Second, the King made the awkward remark that he thought it much inferior to his panegyric on Cromwell. This double thrust, attacking his loyalty and his poetry at once, would have silenced most men; but Waller extricated himself from the trying position with habitual coolness. 'Sire!' he replied, 'we poets never succeed so well in writing truth as fiction.'"

A cure was examining the children of his parish in their catechism. The first question in the Heidelberg catechism runs as follows: "What is thy only consolation in life and death?" The young girl to whom it fell began to laugh and blush, and declined to reply. The priest insisted. "Well," she said at last, "if I must tell you, it's the young shoemaker in the Rue des Agneaux."

This not very bright joke occurs in the "Memoires de la Princesse Palatine." Recently I saw it going the rounds as a brand-new joke, adapted to the American market.

Henri Quatre was a lover of "les bons mots" as well as of "les bonnes filles." Halting at a village one day to get some dinner, he gave orders that whoever was reputed to be the greatest wit should be brought to amuse him during his repast. On the appearance of the rustic prodigy, he commanded him to sit down on the other side of the table.

"What is your name?" enquired the King.

"Sire, my name is Gaillard."

"Ah, and what is the difference between Gaillard and paillard—a lewd fellow?"

"Sire," was the unexpected reply, "there is only the table between them."

"Ventre-saint-gris!" exclaimed Henry, laughing, "he has me there. I never expected to find so much wit in so little a village."

There is a home-made story to the effect that a certain eccentric Archbishop asking a young priest, who was among his guests, what was the difference between a goose and a curate, received the same stinging reply.

An old joke preserved by Tallemant exists in several English versions. This is the way in which Tallemant puts it. Some deputies from the provinces having been admitted to an interview with Cardinal Richelieu, Bautru thought to display his wit at the expense of the elder among them. "Sir, pardon me for interrupting you, but what was the price of asses in your country when you left?" "Those of your size and figure," rejoined the deputy, "fetched ten crowns." It is surprising that men supposed to be practised wits should expose themselves to such easy retorts.

To quote again from the "Memoires de Bachaumont," ed. 1777. The grand almoner, Roche-Aymon, in his imbecile old age, was complaining of his gout to Dr. Bouvart, and exclaimed that he suffered like one of the damned. "What, already?" rejoined the malicious physician.

Moore records an anecdote told by Croker as one of the happiest things he had ever heard. Fenelon, who had teased Richelieu without success for subscriptions to various charities, was telling him one day that he had just seen his picture. "And did you ask it for a subscription?" sneered Richelieu. "No; I saw there was no chance; it was so like you." But is not a similar jest connected with Garrick?

Martial has an epigram: "Mæcenases would not be wanting, O Flaccus, if there were Virgils." Now a French chronicler relates that when King John of France had come to Paris, and called his Parliament together, he complained "in a pitiful tone" of his misfortunes and the calamities of his realm. Among the rest he lamented that he could find no more Rolands or Gawains. Whereupon one of his peers, who had been famous for his valor in his youth, and was incensed at the King's slothfulness, replied, "There would be no want of Rolands if there were Charlemains." As the French noble could not have read Martial, we may suppose either that the Latin poet's witty saying had been handed down as a proverb, or that the coincidence was purely accidental, which is probably the case.

Here is the original, from the "Menagiane," of an old joke—a perfect "chestnut." At the last sermon of a mission in a rural district, everybody wept, except one peasant. "And why do you not weep?" he was asked. "Oh, I don't belong to this parish!"

Grains of Gold.

Culture never made a saint.

A stingy man is never contented.

Folks who hope are generally folks who help.

Nothing is heavier than a trouble that is borrowed.

Genius may be swift, but perseverence has the surest feet.

There can be no true politeness without the practice of self-denial.

To live long for what we can see proves that we are shortsighted.

It is a great mistake to remember your trials and forget your blessings.

Fill the place you now have more than fail, and you will soon have a better one.

There are people who would do more growing in grace if they would try growling less.

The right kind of a man can always learn something worth knowing from a mistake.

The work an unknown good man has done is like a vein of water flowing hidden underground, secretly making the ground green.

Few men suspect how much mere talk fritters away spiritual energy—that which should be spent in action spends itself in words.

A life without a purpose is a languid drifting thing; every day we ought to renew our purpose.

Usefulness is confined to no station. It is astonishing how much good may be done and what may be effected by limited means united with benevolence of heart and activity of mind.

Femininities.

A civil tongue is a better weapon than a bowie knife.

If thou desire to be wise, be so wise as to hold thy tongue.

There is as much kill in a selfish heart as there is in a musket.

Sealing wax as a method of closing a letter has rallied from disuse and again is in vogue.

Mrs. William Betts, of Cincinnati, holds the commission of a Deputy United States Marshal.

The odor of onions left on the hands after peeling, may be removed by rubbing the hands with celery or mustard.

To remove fruit stains, saturate the stain with kerosene, rub thoroughly with baking soda and leave in the sun.

A couple at Herington, Kansas, who were divorced four years ago and afterward remarried, are now in Court seeking to be re-divorced.

Mrs. Annie S. Austin, the recently elected mayor of Pleasonton, Kan., is the wife of a railway employe, who conducted her campaign.

An association of women has been formed in Liverpool for the purpose of petitioning shopkeepers to provide seats for their employes.

Some of the gold hairpins worn every day by fortunate women cost $60. The ornamented tops are made of fourteen-karat gold, hand carved.

To clean sewing machines, oil all the bearings with kerosene, operate the machine rapidly for a moment, rub the oil off and apply machine oil.

There is a purple half to the grape, a mellow half to the peach, a sunny half to the globe, and a better half to the man who is so fortunate as to have a good wife.

Mme. Eve, dressmaker, and a Mr. Adam, tailor, happen to have places near each other in the vicinity of Sixth avenue and Fifty-third street, in New York.

Mix fine sawdust with glue to a stiff paste for filling nailholes or cracks and the patch will hardly be discernable, especially if the sawdust is of the same wood that is mended.

Mrs. Newlywed: "I have read every book in my husband's library. I really don't know what to do for something new to read." Mrs. Windicitt: "Why don't you get another husband?"

According to an authority the favorite decoration of the moment in stationary is the address engraved across the top of the sheet in plain black letters and a small monogram or crest on the envelope.

The chief speaker at a revival meeting in New York the other evening was Miss Emma Van Norden, the banker's daughter, who surprised society a year and a half ago by joining the Salvation Army.

Governess: "Your little girl is a very skilled arithmetician, madam."

Mrs. Parvenew: "Really? I am so sorry. For goodness' sake, don't let her become too intimate with them vulgar fractions."

The Earl of Lovelace, who died recently at the age of 86, was the husband of Byron's only child, and was also a direct descendant of Henry VII. He was an architect, a landscape gardener and an engineer.

Mme. de Matos is attracting attention in the Brazilian revolution by entering the field with her husband, the General, in a dress that is a mixture of man's and feminine attire. She is about 30 years old, and is said to possess a great deal of personal magnetism.

Queen Victoria is in possession of a curious needle. It was made at the celebrated needle manufactory at Redditch, and represents the Trajan Column in miniature. Scenes from the Queen's life are depicted on the needle, so finely cut that they are only discernible through a microscope.

In Rosa Bonheur's picturesque park near Fontainebleau there is an extraordinary variety of the animals which the famous French lady artist has used as models. They include lions, tigers, deer, boars, sheep, goats, cows, horses, gazelles, and dogs. The dog is her favorite animal, and she possesses some splendid specimens of the Newfoundland, the St. Bernard, and other breeds.

Everybody is welcome to attend the receptions held from time to time by the Lady Mayoress at the Mansion House, London. They resemble in this respect the levees which take place at the White House in Washington. Some people, it has been observed, are given to an abuse of the privilege, and strain the civic hospitality almost to breaking point by outstaying their welcome.

"I," said a wise woman, in confidence, but loud enough to give the secret away, "buy my shoes a size too long—my foot looks more slender that way—and you can't guess what I stuff the toe of the shoe with! Not cotton—everyone does that!—but the softest and finest of velvet sponges! Cotton hardens, but the sponges have a little give or spring in them, and if they ever lose their pliability may be quickly restored with a little warm water and left to dry over night.

Masculinities.

The man who would have done so and so if he had been there never gets there.

Admiral Jones is the "grand old man" of the English navy. He entered the service in 1807.

From the way some men offer prayers it is difficult to tell whether they are ministers or auctioneers.

When a woman asks another if her hat is on straight the chances are ten to one that the hat is a new one.

A young woman in Greenford, Long Island, has been fined $5 for scissoring off the tail of her father-in-law's horse, for spite.

Gerald Charles Dickens, a grandson of the novelist—all of whose grandsons bear his name—lately entered the British Navy.

At a recent Polish wedding in Kansas dancing was kept up all night in a tent, with the thermometer eighteen degrees below zero.

General Lord Wolseley says in a published letter that he believes in charms and amulets, and is prone to adopt any superstition he finds others believing in.

Ex-Governor Russell, of Massachusetts, will not use a horse that is less than 8 years old. The youngest he now has is 14, and two others are not less than 25.

Magistrate: "If you were there for no dishonest purpose, why were you in your stocking feet?" Burglar: "I heard there was sickness in the family, your honor."

It is suggested that the reason for the gradual giving up of the good old custom of toasting beautiful women at dinners is due to the fact that they are no longer rare.

Rev. G. B. Giffin, who was until recently pastor of the Baptist Church at Hasbrouck Heights, N. J., when he resigned, has become a soap salesman at a salary of $1500 a year.

Dr. Julius Pohlman says in the Medical News that, despite the high pressure rate of American work, a Yankee's expectation of life is greater than an Englishman's or a German's.

Pastor Wheat, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, of Dubuque, Iowa, has indignantly resigned because the church organist irreverently played "Ta-ra-ra," etc., the other evening.

The plume of the Prince of Wales, worn on State occasions, is said to be worth [illegible] of the feriwah, a rare and very beautiful bird found in India.

A young man from Austin, Texas, representing the syndicate that wanted a carload of marriageable girls from Boston, has gone to that city to urge the Mayor to hurry up the consignment.

George Donnelly, son of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Donnelly, of Conshohocken, Pa., who was stolen from his parents' home some 20 years ago when a baby, returned to his family the other day.

Fred. Von Baumbach, ex-Secretary of Minnesota, has received by mail a letter written by his wife in 1856—twenty-eight years ago. In it she asks him to buy some things; but styles have changed.

Donald Mackay, who has been in the service of the Prince of Wales as his piper for 20 years, died recently, and at the funeral, at which eight pipers played, the Prince and his household were represented.

Gustave Koegel, a young German, arrived in San Francisco the other day, completing a walk across the Continent from New York in 100 days and 18 hours. He was allowed 171 days to perform his task.

Jack: "I don't see why you keep me so long in suspense, Clara! Can't you say yes or no right out?"

Clara: "Oh, you just wait until we're married, and you'll find I can speak out quick enough."

The physical culture craze has put an end to the reign of the languid belle. Women go in for all sorts of outdoor sports, and just now walking is the fad. The heroine of the hour is the woman who has walked the greatest number of miles a day.

To an Italian Bishop who congratulated him upon his good health, Leo XIII remarked, laughingly: "When I was elected I predicted that I would reign 20 years, and I am now only in the sixteenth year of my reign. I believe I still have four years before me."

There are 15 ex-Governors in the Senate and two in the House. The names of the ex-Governors having seats in the Senate are Cullom, Palmer, Colquitt, Gordon, Harris, Bate, Hawley, Vance, Coke, Berry, Perkins, Shoupe, Proctor, Hill and Gear. McCreary and Dingley are the only ex-Governors in the House.

Two sportsmen, in trapping an owl at Charlotte, N. C., the other afternoon, felled a tree, and were amazed at their unusual find. There were four stories in the trunk of the tree. In the bottom one was a big wasp nest; in the second was a squirrel; in the third was the owl, which was caught alive, and in the fourth was a large family of honey bees, with several gallons of honey.

LATEST FASHION PHASES.

There remains not a doubt in the buyer's mind of the popularity of black dress goods for the spring and summer. To supply this demand of a complete assortment of light weight wool fabrics have been brought out, suitable for street wear, through the warmer weather and for house dresses throughout the year. Every woman needs such a dress, and will buy it when she sees it.

In these days of fancy waists, vests, fichus and dainty silk and lace accessories in colors to apply to any gown, a black dress becomes several when thus decorated. When many changes are above the shopper's means, it is safe to recommend to her a black gown that she or her friends will not tire of, or fashion discard.

Many fabrics once thought peculiar to mourning are now worn as general black gowns and made up with colors.

Among the desirable light-weights are all-wool and silk warp tamise, plain and with small figures, which shakes the dust and always looks refined. Princetta is another fabric of similar effect, and a bright ground of a granite weave has bright figures of small silky designs. Silk-warp clairette has tiny figures or is plain, being a charming summer material that will trim with lace, ribbon or silk.

Carmelite and mohairs are other fabrics of the season that are favored with excellent orders. A hard-twisted etamine sells well in the South, and solid effects are also among the up-to-date materials. Moire and moire stripes in woolen goods are well-taking novelties.

Wool grenadines in ribbon and hairline stripes, crepons in different weights, silk-warp crepe cloth, which is no longer reserved for mourning, silk warp challie of a beautifully fine texture and the lightest of mousseline grenadines are deservedly popular among spring orders from all climes.

Cravenette serge in a cheviot finish is unique, while the smooth is now brought out in black, myrtle, brown, navy, castor, gray and natural shades. For a summer riding habit the black is unsurpassed.

Some charming gowns for seasonable evening wear were shown recently by a modiste who is preparing a trousseau for a prospective bride. Some of the handsomest garments were a carriage mantle, lined throughout with sable. Large roll collar and deep gauntlet cuff of sable tails. It is double breasted and fastens with barrel buttons.

Stylish costume in tan-colored cloth. The double skirts are edged with a narrow border in black and tinsel braid. The tan-colored bodice has little basques edged with braiding, encircling the back and very full. Black satin revers and triple epaulets. Black satin sleeves. Tan-colored vest braided with black and gold.

Elegant dress in brown ribbed cloth, with square tablier draped gracefully over a brown velvet panel. The bodice, with its full basques and revers, is of the cloth, fastening with four large buttons over a brown velvet vest. Cloth sleeves with velvet cuffs.

Fashionable ulster in fine box cloth of a lovely shade of beaver. Bell skirt. Double-breasted bodice, with large pearl buttons. Detachable cape. Wide revers and capes of finest golden otter fur.

Gown in Havana satin de laine, high and treble flounce in accordion pleadings, trimmed with modore satin ribbon and velvet bands at the neck and waist; bows and bracelets of ribbon also ornament the lower part of the full sleeves. Removable Figaro vest in velvet, with fan pleating revers in corded silk. Capote in green velvet, with tufts of flowers and black aigrette.

A pretty gown for a young matron is made of mixed blue smooth cheviot and black satin. The gored skirt flares stylishly and but little of it is visible below the redingote, which is accurately fitted by seams that are stitched in tailor fashion. The back falls below the waist line in the undulating folds now so generally admired. The right front is made with a gore, which extends from the bust to below the waist line, and closes over the left front with large smoke-pearl buttons. The fronts flare above the bust over a chemisette of satin, and a satin standing collar is at the neck. A bretelle collar of cheviot finished with machine stitching falls smoothly at the back and in ripples in front, the collar having the effect of a cape. The mutton leg sleeves are of satin. A black satin hat trimmed with blue and black plumes and black glace gloves complete the outfit.

To supply several vests or chemisettes for use with a single costume that admits of such accessories is an economy that is as improving as it is practical. Very little material is required for their construction, and their effect in producing variety in a limited wardrobe yields ample compensation for the trouble of making.

Accordion plated materials are still highly fashionable for dress skirts, blouse fronts, bretelles and epaulettes.

Gloves for wear with tailor-made gowns are of heavy skin, like those used for men's gloves. They are dark red in color and are closed with four pearl buttons or have two patented clasps.

Braid has been treated in a new way, which has found especial favor for mantles and capes. A collar of graduated rows of braid, united by herring-bone stitches of black silk, is supplemented by a plaited flounce of the same style, used for edging the cape and the skirt of the cloak.

Odds and Ends.

SOME DAINTY BITS OF COOKING.

Sardine Salad.—Sufficient salad for two dishes, two tins of sardines, two eggs, half pint of milk, half teaspoonful of mustard seasoning, a little roux, half gill of vinegar, half tablespoonful anchovy sauce, one pinch of sugar, two potatoes; put the milk and seasoning in a saucepan with sufficient roux to make a thick sauce; let this get cold; then add to it the vinegar, mustard mix, anchovy sauce and half the oil from one tin of sardines; mix well together and keep very cold; well wash and dry the salad, slightly chop it, place some on two dishes, press well together with the hands, pour some of the sauce over, lay one dozen sardines on each salad, ornament with the yolks of hard-boiled eggs passed through a sieve and the whites chopped rather fine; finish with rings and diamonds of beetroot and boiled potato.

Mayonnaise of Lobster.—Two lobsters, some salad, half pint of salad oil, half gill vinegar, one tablespoonful tarragon vinegar, two eggs, seasoning, half saltspoonful dry mustard; put the yolks of the eggs, a pinch of salt and the mustard into a basin, work these well with a whisk, then add the oil, a few drops at a time, then the vinegar in drops, till all are used; then add some seasoning and tarragon vinegar; well wash and pick sufficient salad, drain in a cloth, and slightly chop it; turn out the lobsters, cut them in slices, reserving the best pieces to ornament the mayonnaise; place the rough trimmings on the salad, put some of the sauce over, then lay on the best pieces; garnish the sides with hard-boiled eggs, beetroot, endive and coral.

Lobster Salad.—After cracking the shell take out the meat and tear apart in delicate flakes; put on ice. Wash several large bunches of celery and dry. Make a dressing by putting into a saucepan six tablespoonfuls of water in which has been dissolved a teaspoon of corn starch, two tablespoons of vinegar, two of butter, one of sugar, and a beaten egg; add salt and pepper. Let boil for a moment and mix a teaspoonful of oil with the powdered yolks of three hard-boiled eggs, and add the dressing when cold. When ready to serve pull some lettuce leaves into small pieces and mix with the lobster; take some fresh water cresses and add. Mix all together and serve. Garnish with rings from the whites of hard-boiled eggs laid on fresh, whole leaves of lettuce.

Chicken Salad.—To one boiled chicken cut into dice add double the quantity of celery cut into pieces an inch thick, and four hard-boiled eggs cut into small pieces. Add half of the dressing to this, and put it into the ice chest till serving time, when it may be put into a salad bowl and the remainder of the dressing poured over it. For the dressing use 5 eggs; while thoroughly beating them add half pint of oil, drop by drop, two tablespoonfuls of mixed mustard, a teaspoonful of salt and a generous pinch of cayenne; set the dish in boiling water, stirring constantly till it thickens and set it away to cool. Just before using redness it with vinegar (about a pint) or lemon juice, or both.

Pressed Chicken.—Boil two chickens until the meat leaves the bones easily, then pull to pieces and chop fine, letting the liquor in which they were cooked boil down until only a cupful remains. Add about one-half as much chopped ham as chicken, roll two soda crackers, pour the stock over, seasoning highly. Mix well together, put in a deep long pan, pressing down hard with the hand. Fold a cloth several times, put over the top and put on a weight. It will slice nicely if prepared the day before using.

Cocoanut Cake.—One cup sugar, half-cup butter, two eggs, half cup milk, two cups flour, two teaspoons baking powder. Bake in thin layers. For icing, beat together the whites of two eggs and one cup of powdered sugar. Spread a layer of this on the cake, and strew it thickly with grated and sugared cocoanut. Place another layer of cake on that and proceed as before. On top put only icing.

For cooking soup stock meat should be put in cold, not boiling, water and allowed to simmer until done.

The days of colds and Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup are at hand. Better buy a bottle.

Do you want to laugh? get that inimitable book "Samantha at Saratoga" and you can't help laughing. In that book "Josiah Allen's Wife," in a vein of strong common sense, yet pure and innocent as a child, keeps the reader crammed with the sharpest hits and funniest observations spiced with stinging sarcasm and flavored with sound moral lessons, as she takes off, in her inimitable, mirth-provoking style, the Follies, Flirtations, Pug Dogs, Low-Neck Dressing, Water Craze, Josiah's Perversities, Tobogganing, Roller-Skating, and a thousand other curious things that one of her keen sense of the humorous discovers in That World of Gayety at Saratoga. It is indeed the funniest book yet. See offer on another page.

LEAP-YEARS NOT REQUIRED.—In the Ukraine, Russia, the woman does all the courting. When she falls in love with a man, she goes to his house and informs him of the state of her feelings. If he reciprocates, all is well, and the formal marriage is duly arranged. If however he is unwilling, she remains there, hoping to coax him to a better mind. The poor fellow cannot treat her with the least discourtesy, nor has he the consolation of being able to turn her out, as her friends in such a case would feel bound to avenge the insult. His remedy therefore, if determined not to marry her, is to leave his home and stay away as long as she is in it. On the Isthmus of Darien either sex can do the courting, with the natural result that almost every one gets married. A similar practice to that in the Ukraine exists among the Zuni tribe of Indians. The woman does all the courting, and also controls the situation after marriage. To her belong all the children, and descent, including inheritance, is also on her side. The same custom prevails among the Vigrees, a tribe in Cabul, and the Nairs of Malabar. Among the Garo race of Assam, in North-East India, it is not only the privilege but even the duty of the girl there to speak first, any infringement of this rule being summarily and severely punished.

DISCIPLINE.—Discipline in its true sense is necessary to the very idea of freedom. The cruelty of the despot, the hard-hearted severity of the overseer, the hasty punishment of the passionate parent cannot be rightly termed discipline. They do not contribute to any well-defined and valuable end; they are merely the exhibition of selfish inhumanity when clothed with brief authority. True discipline is what we all need to bring out the best that is in us. Every organization needs it to further its objects. The army must be well disciplined, or the battle is lost; the school, or chaos will make teaching impossible; the family, or its mighty power for good vanishes; and every individual needs it for his own development and to enable him to bring his powers and faculties into orderly, effectual activity.

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Why continue in uncomfortable feelings, dull, drooping sensations, want of energy, lack of activity, loss of appetite, weakness, depression of spirit, feverishness, fullness of the stomach, ill humor, or other symptoms of bad health, when a few doses of Radway's pills will create new life in you and restore to health the long sufferer from constipation, biliousness, indigestion or other painful and oppressive feelings, arising from a sluggish or gorged liver and inactivity of its associates? In all cases where a Purgative or Cathartic, Aperient or Laxative Medicine is required,

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Drive out all diseases, from whatever cause they may be making inroads on your system; delay no longer, the remedy is at hand; a dose or two will convince you of the truth.

To thousands now suffering, we say, you have the remedy in your own hands. Radway's is a well-known pill, containing the choicest of extracts taken from the VEGETABLE KINGDOM ONLY, compounded in the most scientific proportions, which were found by Dr. Radway to be the best adapted to stimulate and restore to healthy action the disordered organs. They contain no minerals or metals or their salts—nothing poisonous enters into their composition, and they are

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They were amongst the first coated pills ever introduced to the public; there is no unpleasant taste or smell to these pills, and they can easily be swallowed. To those who have used our pills we have nothing to say, they know best what benefits they have derived from them, but to those who are looking for a

Health Restorer

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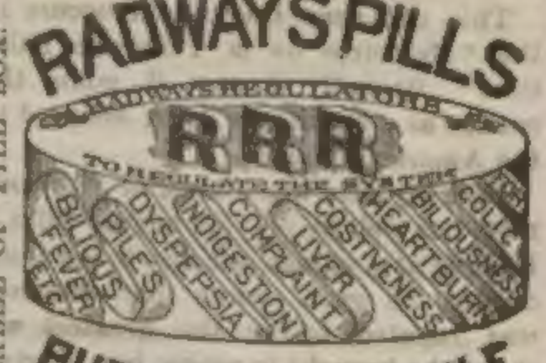

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ABOUT THE ONION.

Among the Romans, the onion seems to have been the common food of the people; although Horace could not understand how they digested it. Its use for promoting artificial tears was also well understood by them, for Columella speaks of "lacrymosa cepe," and Pliny of "crepis odor lacrymosus." Ovid, again, says that both onions and sulphur were given to criminals to purify them for their crimes, upon the old theory of purgation by fumigation.

They thought not only that the onion gave strength to the human frame, but that it would also improve the pugnacious quality of their game cocks. Horace, however, thought that garlic was a fit poison for anybody who committed parricide. The Emperor Nero, on the other hand, thought that eating leeks improved the human voice; and as he was ambitious of being a fine singer, he used to have a leek-diet on several days in each month.

The onion tribe must have been held in reverence elsewhere than in Egypt, for we are told by Mr. Thiselton Dyer that in Poland the flower-stalk of the leek is placed in the hands of Christ in pictures and statues.

It was the practice in some places to hang up, or burn, an onion, as a safeguard against witchcraft; and the theory of this was that the devil respected it because it was an ancient object of worship. This seems a survival of the Egyptian story; but Mr. Friend says that the Arabs, Chinese, and many other peoples to this day employ onions, leeks, or garlic for preventing witchcraft, and that he himself has frequently see them tied up with a branch of sago-palm over the doors of Eastern houses, for this purpose.

The old custom of throwing an onion after a bride is doubtless well known. It had the same origin as the old Scotch custom of throwing a besom after a cow on its way to market—to avert the evil-eye, and thus ensure luck.

Old Gerard had no opinion of the medical properties of the tribe. Of both leeks and garlic he wrote most disparagingly, as "yielding to the body no nourishment at all," but, "engendereth naughty and sharpe blond."

But other of the old herbalists treat it more kindly, and some ascribe almost every virtue to garlic and onions. Garlic came to be known as "Poor Man's Treacle," and in some old works is thus often described. But the word treacle here has no reference to molasses, and is probably derived from the Greek "theriakos," meaning venomous, for garlic was regarded as an antidote against poison, and as a remedy for the plague.

Pliny long ago wrote of garlic as a remedy for many of the mental and physical ailments of the country people. It was used by the Romans to drive away snakes; and the Romans seem to have adopted this idea from the ancient Greeks. It was recommended by one old English writer as a capital thing with which to frighten away birds from fruit-trees; and has been recently recommended, in solution, as the best preservative of picture-frames from flies. Bacon gravely tells of a man who lived for several days on the smell of onions and garlic alone; and there was an old belief that the garlic could extract all the power from a load-stone.

The belief that the eating of onions will acclimatize a traveler, seems not uncommon in Eastern countries. Thus, in Burnes' "Travels into Bokhara," there is a record that at Peshawur, "Mooliah Nujeb suggested that we should eat onions in all the countries we visited, as it is a popular belief that a foreigner becomes acclimated from the use of that vegetable."

And in Morier's "Travels in Persia," it is said: "Those who seek for sulphur, which is found at the highest accessible point of the mountain of Damarvend, go through a course of training previous to the undertaking, and fortify themselves by eating much of garlic and onions."

The general explanation given of the leek being the emblem of Wales, and worn on Saint David's Day, is this: In 640 King Cadwallader gained a complete victory over the Saxons, owing to the special interposition of Saint David, who ordered the Britons always to wear leeks in their caps, so that they might easily recognize each other. As the Saxons had no such agreed head-mark, they attacked each other as foes, and aided in their own defeat.

Why is it that people use Salvation Oil? Answer: Because it is the best liniment.

EUPHRASIA.

A legend connected with the Church of St. Sophia is recalled by "An Idle Woman in Constantinople," and, as it contains a moral fragment of truth, it may well be held in perpetual remembrance. When the basilica was finished, the Emperor Justinian gave orders that an inscription in letters of gold should be placed about the dome, "Justinian dedicates this church to the glory of God." But on the day of the opening the Emperor looked up at the dome, and saw, with amazement, that the inscription ran: "Euphrasia dedicates this church to the glory of God."

"What is the meaning of this mockery?" he asked, pointing upward; and, turning to the Patriarch sitting beside the throne, he said, "Did I not command you to have my name engraved on the dome?"

"Who is Euphrasia?" called the Patriarch. "Who knows a woman bearing such a name? If any one can answer, let him speak."

From the priests to the lowest of the assembled thousands the question, "Who is Euphrasia?" ran round the church. No one answered.

At length, while the Emperor sat mute and amazed, a miserable fellow who cleaned the marble floor stepped forth and said, "Imperial Cæsar, to whom I am unworthy to raise my eyes, I know a woman with such a name, but she is almost bedridden. She lives in a little house near one of the walls of the church."

"Bring her hither!" commanded the Emperor; and straightway pages and chamberlains rushed out and soon reappeared, carrying an aged woman, who trembled in every limb.

"Is your name Euphrasia?" asked the mighty Emperor.

"Yes, mighty Emperor, it is."

"What do you know of that inscription?"—and he pointed aloft to the large letters on the vault."

"Nothing, my lord—nothing."

"But you see your name on the church. It stands there instead of mine. What have you done towards the building of the church?"

"Great king, nothing. My lord mocks his poor servants."

"Not at all," replied the Emperor. "They tell me you live near. Think! Have you done nothing, spoken nothing, thought nothing to give you this claim?"

"Majesty," she said, "there is one little act, but it is small I am ashamed to trouble my lord with its mention."

"Speak—I command you!" said Justinian. "Fear not. Tell me all."

Then she told how, as she lay on her bed in her little house, she heard with sorrow the travail of the oxen and mules carrying the marble and brick and beams up the steep hill, and her heart was sore within her, and how, when she grew better, the thought struck her, "Who knows if I cannot do something to ease their pain, the poor dumb beasts, so patient in their woes? At least I will try." She took her bed and bore it into the road, and scattered the straw from it on the steep ascent. It was but a little, but, lo, as she worked, the straw seemed to grow and multiply and cover the whole road; and from that time the oxen passed pleasantly with their loads, and she heard no more distress.

The tears were in Justinian's eyes, and he said, in a gentle voice, "Let the name of Euphrasia stand; she is more worthy than I, for of her little she gave all she had."

LANDSEER AND HIS DOG.—Mrs. Ritchie, in her "Chapters from Some Unwritten Memoirs" in Macmillan, says that in her young days she used to go to Sir Edwin Landseer's beautiful villa in St. John's Wood, and she tells the following story about one of the artist's dogs. "Among his many stories," she says, "I remember his once telling us an anecdote of one of his dogs he was in the habit of taking out at the end of his work. The dog used to wait patiently all day long while Sir Edwin was painting, but he used to come and lie down at his feet and look up into his face towards five o'clock; and on one occasion, finding his hints disregarded, trotted into the hall and came back with the painter's hat, which he laid on the floor before him."

CALLER: "Your daughter is at home now, is she not? I heard she had graduated at the Artistic Literary and Scientific University." Hostess: "She is not at home. She has gone to a finishing school." "Why, what for?" "Oh, to learn how to enter a room, and sit down, and hold a fan, and blush, you know."

BOBBY (who has been sitting patiently half an hour)—"Mr. Boomer, I wish you would pop the question to Bella." Bella—"Robert, you naughty boy; what possessed you to make so preposterous a remark?" Bobby (sulkily)—"Well, anyaway, ma said if he did you'd jump at the chance, and I want to see you jump."

MOTHER—"The paper this morning has an account of a little boy who was drowned while skating on thin ice." Little Son (cleaning up his skates)—"I wonder if he was any relation to the poor little boy who was killed by the trolley while going to school."

JOSIAH.

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She paints dainty pictures on plates,
And embroiders for hours and hours,
Writes verses imploring the fates
To sprinkle ambition with showers.

She always is up with the lark,
And is seen with her cheeks rosy red,
Walking rapidly down through the Park
With her nose pointed straightway ahead.

She lectures on mummies and things
That survived in the long ago hence;
She's a corker on solarized rings—
As a linguist she's counted immense.

Adroitly she pulls at an oar—
Can she act on the stage? Well, she can;
She has gained all her wants, and some more,
But she never has collared a man.

—U. N. Nown.

Get into hot water—Boiled eggs.

It doesn't take an athlete to jump at conclusions.

Waves come high these days, but the ocean must have them.

Anyone can see through people who make spectacles of themselves.

Wanted—the fragments of any person who ever burst with indignation.

"His Honor is at steak," said the waiter, when the Judge was at dinner.

Nothing is so fortunately built as a fly. It can stand on one leg and scratch itself anywhere with five legs at once.

"Who lives in that old house now?" "Nobody." "Why, it is occupied!" "Oh, yes—it's occupied, but the people aren't anybody!"

While the theatrical manager makes most money in the long run, the coal man builds up a successful business in a small weigh.

Young Verisopht: "S'pose you've heard I'm going abwoad, Miss Mabel? Ya-as—may wemain thwee or four yeahs; p'waps longer." Miss Mabel: "How nice!"

His father: "What are you crying about, Tommy?" Tommy, weeping bitterly: "I have just read in an almanick where it says it's going to rain on the Fourth of July."

A correspondent writes to a medical review to claim that most of man's diseases are due to the clothing he wears. There may be something in that: the ballet girls never die.

"What must precede baptism?" asked the rector, when catechising the Sunday-school. "A baby!" exclaimed a bright boy, with the air of one stating a self-evident truth.

Critic: "I tell you what it is, Mr. McDaub, those ostriches are simply superb. You shouldn't paint anything but birds."

Artist, disgusted: "Those are not ostriches. They are angels."

Footman's wife: "Say, Jeems, what would we do if you found a pocketbook with $20,000 that the boss had left in the carriage?" Footman: "Dot We wouldn't do nothing at all. We'd live on our incomes."

Doctor: "How is the baby?" Mrs. Jinks: "Orful bad, sir. Last night the poor little thing was took dreffle. First she would clinch her hands, and then she would say 'A-h-h!' just like a human being."

"I don't think it's the least use to propose her name to the Sewing Society."

"But she's a good worker, and—"

"I know, but she won't say a word even against the people she dislikes."

She: "The 'Letters of Junius' I regard as the most wonderful compositions in the language." Her "They don't compare with Jack Hardy's. Why, he wrote a letter of condolence to a widow, and she took off her mourning immediately."

She: "I am so worried about my aunt. She is at the point of death."

He: "Is that your wealthy aunt?"

She: "Yes, dearie."

He: "Well, never mind, pet. You have my love, which is greater than ever."

She: "One of the legs of our sofa is broken. Will you come around right away and fix it?"

Carpenter: "I'm very busy just now, Miss; won't to-morrow do?"

She: "Oh, dear, no; it must be ready by 7.30 this evening."

Manager: "The critics say that in the play you do not exhibit enough emotion when your husband leaves you never to return."

Popular actress: "Oh, I don't, don't I? Well, I've had two or three husbands leave me, never to return, and I guess I know as much about how to act under those circumstances as anybody.

Mr. Pinkham: "How are you, Mrs. Willis? You're the last person I expected to see in Florence!" Mrs. Willis: "Why, if it isn't Mr. Pinkham! Yes, we are spending the winter here. You must call on us often. You know just how it is—persons we never think much of while home seem like dear friends when we meet them in a strange place."

He was too Clever.—Pinetti, the famous conjurer, was commanded by the Empress Catharine II. of Russia to give her a specimen of his cleverness.

On presenting herself at his lodgings in reponse to his invitation, her Majesty was conducted into a room that was entirely draped in black and lighted up with tapers.

A sort of wooden gallows was erected in one corner of the room, on which, to her horror, the Empress saw hanging the body of Pinetti. After a while the conjurer flung off one of his legs, then the other, in like manner his arms, then his head, and last of all the trunk dropped to the ground, and, uniting with the limbs, presented the figure of the performer restored to life and vigor.

Catherine made him a handsome present, but at the same time sent him an intimation to leave the country forthwith.

Human Character.—There is nothing in the universe, as far as we know, so complex, so intricate, so baffling to investigation as human character. Motives and tendencies are so mingled and blended that it is impossible to lay them out in order and take an account of them. Let any one honestly attempt so to treat his own, and he will at once feel his inadequacy. Yet how much more difficult is it to enter into another's being, to detect his manifold propensities and weigh their power, to count up and discriminate his qualities, to estimate his temptations, to measure his responsibility! Even where the profoundest interest are involved this is a task that may well daunt the wisest and the boldest, but where only curiosity seeks to be gratified who that is rational will attempt to sound such depths or to solve such problems?

Friendship.—Friendship has its duties. You owe your friend sympathy in his sorrows and in his joys. You owe him confidence and the information about yourself which confidence implies. Yet that information is to be given with a certain reserve, so that you do not seem to force your affairs upon him, or to make him responsible for you. Of crises in which he could not aid you, or would be pained by his inability, it is often wise to say nothing. There is a fine subtle instinct which guides in such matters. However near your friend brings you to him, you are to respect his individuality. Information that is purely personal you must wait for. If he does not volunteer it, be satisfied that he has his reasons. Do not seek—above all, do not claim—it as a right of your friendship. Be generous, not exacting.

Heroism.—"Heroism," said a great preacher, "is nothing but a spark kindled in the household, carried outside, and blown into flame. A thing that a mother does every day of her life nobody celebrates, but, let her do it before an admiring crowd, and she is heroic." The virtue is in the spark. If it be necessary to do a noble deed before the world so that its publicity blows it into flame, all honor to the spark that is living ready for the public deed. But, if it be necessary to do the noble deed in the secret corner of the home, all honor to the spark that is living ready for the private deed in which the world sees no heroism.

Just What He Would Like.—A lazy recruit in a Prussian regiment, who thought himself much too hard-worked, was one day lamenting his hard fate whilst solacing himself in the canteen, and wishing that he was dead rather than having to do so much drill.

The sergeant just happening to come in overheard him complaining, and called out—"Oh, yes; I know you; just what you would like, to lie all day in the coffin and do nothing!"

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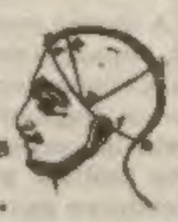

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This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

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Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov., 28, '88. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

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To Mrs. Richard Dollard, 1223 Chestnut st., Phila.

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4.10, 7.30 (two-hour train), 8.30, 9.45, 11.31 a m, (12.57, p m from 24th and Chestnut streets—Dining car), 1.30, 3.50, 5.15, (5.12 from 24th and Chestnut) 8.35, (dining car), p m, 12.10 night. Sundays—4.10, 5.00, 9.45, 11.31 a m, 3.50 p m, (5.12 from 24th and Chestnut,) 8.35 (dining car) p m, 12.10 night.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.30, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.30, 8.45 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays, 8.30, 9.00, 11.30, a m, 1.30, 5.00, 7.30 p m, 12.15 night.

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For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 5.00 p m. Accom., 4.12 a m, Sunday—Express, 4.00, a m.

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For Shamokin—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 5.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.12 a m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m.

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